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## INDEX

Page: 1

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# THE POETRY HOUR

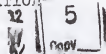
#371

VOL. 1

NO. 9

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

D E C E M B E R 1952



\*\*\*\*\*  
 HARIO SCHOLBERG, EDITOR 430 SOUTH 19th AVE., HAWKWOOD, ILLINOIS  
 \*\*\*\*\*

## MORE POEMS AND MORE CRITICISM

Poems have been flooding in to me from all over the United States and Canada lately, and I cannot print all of them so I will try to answer your questions by letter, if I do not print your particular poem here.

Several months ago a lovely little poem came to me by Frances Lois Vaughn. Here it is:

### DAY WEAVERS

Silently the dawn unwinds  
 From its golden spool--  
 Coiling iridescent threads  
 In a mirrored pool.

We must pick the shining strands  
 Choose them as we may,  
 And, with shuttles strong and true,  
 We must weave a day!

Notice how the poet speaks of the dawn as "unwinding itself from a golden spool" -- here is beautiful imagery and perfect rhythm and rhyme. In the first part of the poem she speaks merely of what the dawn does all by itself. In the second part of the poem she speaks of what we must do with the dawn., that is, "pick the shining strands" ... and the last line is the strong line, "we must weave a day!" Here is a perfect eight line poem., as far as imagery and technique are concerned.

Lirrel Starling sends me these lines,

### Lines On A Lady In A Miniature

Her name they say was Phoebe, and she brought  
 An elfin beauty to our line - untaught,  
 But very fair, my kinsman's fancy caught.

Tamed little wildwood bird, did she regret?  
 None ever told...but I have known the fret  
 Of close-clipped wings, and longing to forget!

What is the poet trying to say in this poem? Is it only a poem about a Phoebe-bird? This is a profound poem if one really thinks into it. However, I do not like the fact that Miss Starling joins the last half of the second line with the third line...and really gives us a new

MARION SCHOEERLEIN, EDITOR 430 S 19th AVENUE, MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS



# THE POETRY HOUR

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION OOOOO

\*\*\*\*\*  
VOLUME 1 FEBRUARY 1952 NUMBER 3  
\*\*\*\*\*

This month I present all my own poetry. Because so many of you have asked for a number like this, here it is. (If anyone wishes a copy of my two books they can be ordered now directly from me for two dollars each.) \*\*\*\*\* - \*\*\*\*\* — Marion Schoeberlein.

## AS LOVE SEES

As love sees, beautifully,  
Like a whirlpool moment  
Of flowers and many rivers  
And high mountains,  
I see you, not standing  
Far away in space.  
But near me in a park  
Of soft December snow,  
Where old sleighs ride  
And Christmas is an almost  
Footfall on the path  
As love sees, beautifully,  
I see you.

Pressed on my temples, or the  
offering of a rare glass  
In which to drown my sorrow  
— and so have you always  
In a world of dreams.

Why did you close the door  
gently  
And leave me to die with this  
sweet innocent  
Perfume upon my lips—one-  
one remembered kiss...  
Why did you leave me to walk  
with this shapless  
Loneliness beside me dawn  
and dusk ... Why?

-----  
Published in the Citizens Maga-  
zine, Esther Wealloy, Editor,  
Columbus, Ohio.

## BECAUSE HE IS NOT BRAVE

\*\*\*\*\*  
Once in a man's short-lived  
eternity  
There comes the love in which  
all other loves  
Grow dim with simple pain  
and misery,  
And remembered kisses hover  
like doves  
In the ghost-haunted cavern  
of his mind,  
And the tears burn like stars  
hot in his heart.  
For noondays at a time he  
cannot find  
The answer to that love, and  
so depart  
He does, rather than suffer  
the red sting  
Of that serpent called love, or  
touch the thorn  
Of the rose that sweetest  
blooms, but might bring  
A price as high as Calvary to

## LIEBESTOD

Why did you close the door  
gently?  
I would rather you had shut  
it on the face  
Of my love with cold disdain,  
or felt  
A knife within my breast  
hurtling me  
To the dark tomb of eternity.  
I would rather  
Have known the sharp un-  
lovely truth  
Of devotion diminished in the  
passion of another.  
I would rather have felt warm  
strangling hands  
About my throat, crushing out  
life, and better  
Would I have understood an  
instrument of death

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

P4827

#323



"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

MARCH, 1952 - NUMBER 21

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALECHEK, EDITOR 2719 W. MEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WISC.

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March 17th - St. Patrick's Day

Every true Irishman sticks to the wearing of the immortal chosen leaf of the Shamrock on this day.

Legends assert that St. Patrick, when preaching the gospel in Ireland, illustrated the doctrine of the Holy Trinity by the tri-leaf of the Shamrock, now generally worn by the Irishman on the 17th of March.

Our cultivated white Clover (a ternate plant) is considered the original Shamrock of Ireland. G.D.P.

-----  
Betty H. Tousch MY WILD FLOWER GARDEN  
3259 Madera Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Clumps of blue Violets on the edge of the lawn,  
Added their loveliness to a fragrant dawn.

A patch of Bluebells, I loved them so,  
Grew close to the Spring Beauties, white as snow.

On soft, furry stems, the Hepaticas grew,  
Cups of pastels, of pink, white and blue.

The Dutchman's Breeches, in the warm sunshine,  
Blew in the South Wind, like a Fairy wash-line.

Anemones bloomed at the Grape-vine's base,  
Flowers and foliage, were green and white lace.

Rose-pink Geraniums held their heads high,  
Blue Sweet Williams reflected the sky.

Pale-blue Shooting Stars swayed on stems tall.  
And wild Pink Roses followed the low garden wall.

The Blood-roots too, harbingers of Spring,  
Dazzled in the Sunlight like a white Dove's wing.

Dog-tooth Violets sprouting through last year's dry leaves,  
Nestled like stars in their spotted sheathes.

Tiny Grassflowers, with their bright-red stems,  
And delicate perfume, were dainty pink gems.

Then last of all, but not the least,  
Gold Buttercups, to the eye, a grand feast.

# The Monthly Harp

VOL. 1 A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - NUMBER 4

\*\*\*\*\*  
 MARION SCHOEERLEIN, EDITOR 430 So. 19th AVENUE, MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

This month I should like to discuss with you one of the most "talked about" poets of modern poetry. Her work has been reviewed widely and has extraordinary appeal I should say for the reader and writer of modern poetry. The name of this poet is Marianne Moore.

Looking at Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry" I find a short biography that states, "Miss Moore's work is frankly puzzling, not only to the disinterested reader, but to the student of modern poetry. Although her work presents no difficulties, it seems to erect a barrier of jagged clauses, barbed quotations and suspicious structures between herself and her audience."

I do not agree with this statement. I do not find Marianne Moore's work at all difficult to comprehend, nor inconsistent. Nor is she trying to put modern painting into modern poetry. By that I mean, splashing all kinds of colors (words) together and then let the reader choose his own meaning for those.

Talking to a widely known poet recently, I heard the remark, "I do not know if Marianne Moore is only a talented poet, or a woman of genius. I haven't made up my mind on that point yet."

Let us consider one of her most well-known poems,

"That Harp You Play So Well."

O David, if I had  
 Your power, I should be glad-  
 In harping, with the sling,  
 In patient reasoning!

Blake, Homer, Job and you  
 Have made old wine-skins now,  
 Your energies have wrought,  
 Stout continents of thought.

But David, if the heart  
 Be brass, what boats the art  
 Of exercising wrong,  
 Of harping to a song?

The scepter and the ring  
 And every royal thing  
 Will fail. Grief's lustiness  
 Must cure the harp's distress.

In this poem Miss Moore is writing of King David's harp. She compares King David with Blake, Homer and Job, who, she says, all made old wine-skins now. She goes on to say that if the heart is brass, that is, false or hypocritical, the song from the harp will naturally fall flat and fail its beauty. The last line is perhaps the strongest where Marianne Moore comes to her conclusive statement in the poem. "Grief's lustiness (or the lust for grief) will cure



# THE JANUARY 1953 VOLUME 1 NUMBER 10 POETRY HOUR

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN, EDITOR 430 SOUTH 19th AVE., MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS

## RED WINE ON A WHITE TABLECLOTH

When the clock crossed its hands before its face,  
As if weary of the whole human race,  
Was it, Dear, only time we killed,  
Only sweet red wine that we spilled?

When the dark stuff spread in a blood red stain,  
When the mirrored wall reflected two faces white with pain,  
When our eyes hardened with obstinate pride  
And drove the tears deep down for our hearts to hide,

When the words that never should have been said  
Spewed from our lips, hot and lethal as lead,  
Did we hope that in spite of them our love could live ....  
That anything was ours to share when each refused to give?

When the clock crossed its hands before its face,  
As if in sorrow for the whole human race,  
Was it, Dear, only red wine that we spilled,  
Only time that we killed?

-Alyce Cocks

RED WINE ON A WHITE TABLECLOTH by Alyce Cocks is the subject of my first critique this time. I know from using Mrs. Cock's poems in the Fawnlight from time to time that she can do much better than this. The first stanza is very weak. In the first place, the images are muddled. First she speaks of a clock, then the whole human race, then of time, then of red wine. What connection have all of these with each other? In the second stanza the poet refers to wine as the "dark stuff" which is very poor poetically. As far as I can see (and I think it is very far) Alyce wrote this poem in a hurry. In the third stanza she brings in the depth and meaning of the poem, what she really intended to say in the whole poem. In other words "things that never should have been said in anger" were...and now it is too late and the poet wonders if love will be able to exist in spite of those words... The last stanza is the same as the first except for the last two lines being exchanged. The rhyme scheme for the first stanza is 10 syllables, 10 syllables, 9 syllables, 7 syllables. The second stanza is 10 syllables, 11 syllables, 10 syllables, 11 syllables. Still there is rhyme scheme, then why not meter? The meter in this poem is dreadful and I wish Alyce had never sent it to me. However I am only showing this poem as an example to all of you that we all, poets that is, do both good work and bad. I have great respect for many of Alyce's poems, but cer-





# THE POETRY HOUR

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION !  
VOLUME 1 - APRIL 1953 - NUMBER 12

MARION SCHOEERLEIN,  
(EDITOR)

430 SOUTH 19th AVENUE,  
MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS.



Spring is in the air. The lilac bushes are blooming. The grass is green. The sky is a more delicate shade of blue, the clouds a whiter white. Everything is tranquil, all of earth is shining with the eternal smile of God, and poets are lifting their heads up to the scene. Now is the time to write that Spring Sonnet that will go down in history as a masterpiece, now is the hour to begin that ode or tanka or cinquain that has bothered you for so long, but that you just couldn't find time to do because the words just weren't there. Take a long walk out in this beautiful fresh springtime air. Make it brisk! Or slow, whichever way pleases you more. Notice the loveliness of nature, watch the buds growing, smell...God! God, everywhere. Then take that notebook out of your pocket and write...even if you're walking along the street. Remember that Beethoven wrote his greatest symphony while walking along a country road.

Here are a few of the beautiful poems that came to me last month. Please write in and let me know what you think of them!

Your Editor.

## THE GRACE OF MARY

There is an inner beauty as austere  
As candlelight that falls on wintry stone;  
Or shadows of the moon, blue on the snow.  
A steadfast spirit shines through flesh and

I have known women who achieved this grace;  
Inviolated by fear or storm or tears.  
Like white stars steady in a driving wind,  
The constant ones go shining down the years.

Ellis Atkisson McDonald  
103 Dowdell Dr.,  
Chamblee, Georgia

## BRIEF HOUR

This moment after dusk,  
When voice and kiss and arm  
Circle me in timelessness.  
When hour's enchantment

bone.  
Lends forgetfulness to work,  
Day's dreaming slowly rain-  
bowed

To this one brief hour.  
Leah Sherman  
Apt. 4

3801 S.E. Morrison  
Portland, Oregon.

## THREE ANONYMOUS GIRLS

Three anonymous girls out together  
to walk into this pussywillow weather.  
Nameless they may be, for all I care --  
something is in this April air  
to draw them out from under roof  
and make them intimately less aloof.

What's stirring there is just  
what stirs in every sap-sweet  
tree --  
and has its counterpart in frog  
and bird and me.

August Derloeth  
Sauk City, Wis.

They are a part of such a day as this,  
as much as maple bloom and sun's warm kiss --  
just seeing them is all that matters.  
Their infectious gaiety shatters  
one kind of tranquility. These nameless girls  
this fleeting hour  
will do as well as any other April flower.

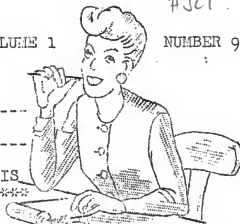
(First North American  
Serial Rights only::  
14 Lines.)

# PEN PAL3

- VOLUME 1

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1953 EDITION

MAUDE BLACKWELL  
(EDITOR)3023 BROADWAY,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

How can I keep up with this volume of correspondence? I need a private mail-man, and I do mean "Mail".

To all of the departed members' families, I send my sincere sympathy in their hour of sorrow.

Received a very nice letter from Macie Bartlett. She said that Eddie Daas lives near her, so he brings the Bundle to her each month. That is very kind and thoughtful of Eddie.

Had a pleasant surprise but I was not at home to enjoy it. Edith Downs of Lima, Ohio, called at my house. Later I had a nice phone talk with her, but she was unable to make a second call. Would have loved to have seen her and have a nice chat with her. Maybe next time I'll be home.

Also had a letter from T. A. Skeels of Turlock, California. He was in an apologetic mood about his inactivity in the UAPA. Don't feel that way, there are many inactive members but we are glad when they cease to be inactive. So become an active member again, Mr. Skeels.

See several papers in the October Bundle that have been missing. Glad to have them back. Keep it up, you editors. Don't let a little thing like your failure to receive the July Bundle keep you from editing. The old phrase on Broadway, "The Show Must Go On" can be applied here, only it is "The Press Must Go On!"

Thanks, Grace Moss, for such a nice write-up on Blanche Dragin. She is a very rich woman (Though she may not know it). She has eight lovely children but she never had to worry about hair-cuts 'as her husband is a barber. Her puppets are grand. Entertained with them at one of the "Wake of the News Dinners". They were operated by her "two babies", (nos 16 and 19 years old). My, how the years do fly.

To Ira Reely: See you have given the full details about the United's foundation to the whole membership, as you did at the convention. Now we know the true facts given to us by one who Really knows. Fine. See that you and Savilla have migrated to Florida again. Lucky folks. But you'll be back north when "Old Man Summer" rolls around again, and "Old Sol" looks at you steadily and refuses to budge an eye.

To Jersey Jingle Belles trio, Hi! How I love your good humor and personal letters. "They are the spice of my life." Bother Irma's spices. Pearl, I'm so sorry I was so far away from you at the luncheon, or I would have landed one right on your dainty ankle for such bad "Table manners"!





# PEN PALS



VOL. 1 - A U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION-NO.2

JANUARY 1953

\*\*\*\*\*  
 MAUDE M. BLACKWELL, EDITOR - 3023 BROADWAY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

HI, THERE! MY apologies for not making the December Bundle. Was too slow. Time doesn't seem to wait for me. Just passes by, like a paycar does a tramp.

I want to thank all you folks who sent me Birthday and Christmas cards. I would need to have a private post-man to answer them all in person, and with prices and taxes so high, I can't afford that now, if ever.

I also want to thank all those who wrote such encouraging letters on my poor efforts at publishing a paper for The Bundle. It was very gratifying to know that some one liked it. The most extravagant one of praise came from G.Wallace Tibbotts. I am sure it was most kind of him to write it.

Received a lovely picture post card from a new member, Ella B.Bedsaul of Iowa. It shows the beautiful homes of the I.O.C.F.-both for orphans and old folks. Mrs. Bedsaul is a nurse there. I am sure she will enjoy such a fine group of people. (WHO IS THROWING BOUQUETS?) Ha! Ha!

From across the sea came a letter from Jac Homan. He tried to explain the rate of exchange of our monies, but as I am a dumb-bell on that subject, I could not figure it out. Neither Jan nor myself have any conception of how each live in their country, but it is a grand idea to tell us through the bundle each month.

Received a vory nice letter of compliment from Dr.W.J.Thompson of Los Angeles, California. The Reverend writes such beautiful poetry, that if I could ever onvy any one; it would be him. I just can not write poetry. Guess I'm the brat my Grandmother told me about, when I was eleven. She told me to do something. "I can't do it" I replied. She looked at me seriously, and said, "Can't is a brat of Old Mother Will Not". So some day I may learn to write it.

Another nice letter I received from Taylor, Texas, which was of great interest to me. My husband came from there, and I had visited there in Oh? some 40 years ago. Taylor was not much of a town at that time, but Mrs. Mikeska tells me that shortly after, that her husband with another Doctor founded the first hospital there, and that there are now four large hospitals. Makes me feel ancient.

To Frances and Kathy who publish JINGLE BELLES - a special bouquet for their nice letters. The Bellos is a fine paper, full of humor, like me. We Three Gals like fun and I am hoping to meet them in July at the convention in Milwaukee.



# PEN PALS

MAY 1953

VOL. 1 - NO. 5



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

 MAUDE M. BLACKWELL  
 ( EDITOR )

 3023 BROADWAY  
 CHICAGO, ILL.

Received a card from the Edgar C. Thompson's from Hastings, England. It was nice to be thought of by them and I hope they had a nice trip.

One of my most prized possessions is a letter from a new member. What a real pen pal she is! I know that she writes just like she talks. And it was most enjoyable. If I ever get far enough East, I'll surely call on her. Hi, there Marion.

To Irma: I nominate Chatterbox the most amusing paper of the month of March. Your descriptions and comments on the "characters" and "scenes" of 'Halling Night' were wonderful. I can see Eddie, but not Norbert, as I have not met him. Now I know why some papers are missing from the Bundle each month. How can one work and watch the curves on TV? Was Dagmar on? She's the most curvaceous of the stars. No thinks the gals done most of the folding and inserting. Too bad I was not near enough to help you, as I used to do that kind of work. But I'm glad you made it a night of fun.

So they kid you about being hoity? Wonder what they would say about me? No matter, I've been kidded allover my life about my weight, and "Maude the Mule" which used to be a comic strip in the paper. Wonder if any of the readers remember? I may be mulish at times, but I'm beyond the stage of 'kicking up my heels' any more. So I don't care what they say about me. When they are talking about me, they are thinking about me any way, and any one is worth a thought now and then.

I was once considered an excellent penman, but 'old man time' has caught up with me, and grabbed me by the coat-tail to slow me down, and now-a-days I'm lucky if I can read my own writing. I think Irma was extremely courteous to spend hours of time to type hand written copy. I did not think anyone would send in that kind of copy.

See Eddie asks for the best papers of the month. To me that is not possible. Each one is on a different subject, and a different style, so how could one choose?

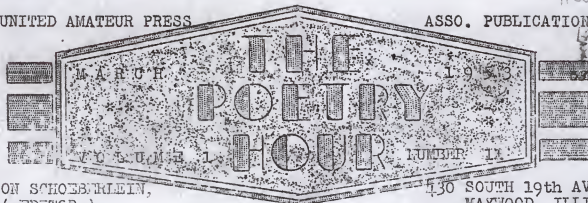
What appeals to me may not appeal to another. Here are some nominations for different types of papers:

CHATTERBOX, by Irma Reitei, the most amusing.

WORDS, by Belle S. Mooney, the most instructive.

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION, by Rev. Thompson, the most religious.

THE MAN SAYS, by Eddie Daas, Business of the organization, in which we are all interested.



MARION SCHOEENLEIN,  
( EDITOR )

130 SOUTH 19th AVENUE  
MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS

\*\*\*\*\*  
This month I would like to discuss three poems, one by Ruby Diehr Boerman of La Grange Highlands Highlands, Illinois, one by Leonard Byrne of Killingly, Connecticut, and the third by D.Vincent Smith of Atlanta, Georgia.

#### FALLOW

By Ruby Diehr Boerman.

She never really knew  
The taste of Spring . . .  
Or had the quick thrill  
Of remembering.

There never was a bit of time  
For a dream or a poet's rhyme.  
She only took up space..worn and wan..  
As the years turtled on and on.

First of all what is the meaning of the title of the poem? Looking it up in our modern dictionary we find the word 'fallow' itself means, untilled or neglected. It is usually used in reference to ground or the land. This poem has good thought content. The writer is speaking of a person who lives-'never knowing Spring'. She speaks of Spring as time to remembor. However this is not a great poem. The greatest line of the whole poem is "as the years turtled on and on." In this last line the poet has discovered herself. Only in this line is she a poet. If the rest of the poem had been as good it might have been a truly great poem. The rhyme scheme is poor. In the first line we find 6 syllables, in the second line, 4 syllables, in the third line, 5 syllables, and in the fourth line, 5 syllables again. The second half of the poem is better rhyme scheme, each line having eight syllables except the second last line where the poet used nine syllables. Tell me, writers, why is this necessary? Can't you use a little more judgment in rhyme scheme? I know that it is easy to go off of it, but for goodness sake, do your writing in free verse if you don't intend to do any better with rhyme and meter than this.

\* - \*

Modern Woman by Leonard Byrne is an excellent poem! I got very few as good as this. Read it over and think about it.

#### MODERN WOMAN

By Leonard Byrne.

A blast of restless scent,  
Depraved yet arresting  
Like the brief vanishing fury  
Oblivious to peltering rain.

Staccatto heels of fragile utility  
Playing the metronome to an arch  
smile  
Treacherously curving in onamel  
beauty  
And heads turn to stare.

Mr. Byrne has said in a few lines here what woman of today actually is. He has used eight lines for a descriptive piece of poetry. I cannot



# PEN PALS

- VOLUME 1

JUNE

1953

NUMBER 7

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MAUDE H. BLACKWELL

(EDITOR)

3023 BROADWAY,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Oh, Eddie! How could you spoil my wearing my new blue taffeta dress at the banquet? Too bad that I made it in February for this grand occasion. After letting the material lay around for three years. But it won't be three years before I wear it!

Had a nice letter from 'Bill' Ellis. He is busy in his yard with his flowers. And I bet that they are beautiful. Am glad that he is encouraged about the outcome of his recent operation on his eyes.

Keep up your spirit, Bill!

Received a very interesting letter from a new member, Ida Zuberbuehler. She writes about the Cheese Industry in which her husband is engaged. It is grand to get fresh cheese from the factory. She says that she is planning on coming to the convention. At least as far as she knows now.

Sent Vera Marie Jenkins a birthday card, and she writes a very nice reply, which was totally unexpected. I'll bet she is very happy these days. I know that she watched or heard the coronation of the young and beautiful Queen Elizabeth. It has been 116 years since a queen has been crowned. All the world hopes that the new Queen will prove to have as long and illustrious reign as her predecessor did. Elizabeth is a good example of her great-great grandmother, Queen Victoria. Long may she live. How about some contributions?

The IVORY LOOF Editor, is a grand correspondent. I enjoy her personal letters very much. I guess she is having sunshine out in California, or should be at this time of year anyway. Hi! Mina.

I hear from Belle Mooney every month as a rule. I put the wrong state on her letter, so she says, "If she had as many interruptions as I do, I'm sure she would too". Ha! ha! Recently I had a time. I tried to bake for my Card Club, but I had so many interruptions that it was a failure. First by putting too much of the wrong spice in, then by burning it on the bottom, so in the end I had to go out and buy a cake. So one can't what I mean. Is it any wonder that I am cuckoo?

See that "Eddie" wants a story on "GOOD WOMEN". Eddie, don't you know that we are all good? So why try to find the best one? It Can't Be Done! No woman would admit that she was not good. Ha! ha!

I enjoyed that section of Eddie's paper about the religious and racial prejudice. I agree. Only I think this, "Are there many who are not prejudiced in one way or another?" Any one who believes in the Bible, and all of its teachings, can never be prejudiced. We are all God's children, and as such, are created equal. No race, color, or creed are superior in the eyes of God.

# POETRY HOUR

JUNE 1953

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 1



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

\*\*\*\*\*  
 MARION SCHOEERLEIN, EDITOR-430 SO. 19th. AVE., - MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS. \*\*  
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## DANCE OF THE GYPSIES

They are keyed to an eternal pitch  
 Of wandering. Play, beautiful violin,  
 Wild violin and see them dance!  
 Tremble, flash, sing, passion is here!  
 Like night fireflies in their camp --  
 Like lovely butterflies singing.  
 How tempestuous their loves,  
 How strange their feelings, beyond  
 The belief of other races! See  
 Them amongst their cymbals,  
 Bracelets of gold -- drinking their  
 Wine, leaping up into the sky  
 Made of blue lace and emerald  
 Taffeta. They are mystery feathers  
 Lifting themselves up to God  
 In their own thunderous way.

## IS IT YOU ?

In the moonlight speaking to me  
 Of beauty and, God, is it you ?  
 I hear sorrow singing -- a song  
 On a silver flute of the death  
 Of love -- under the purple curtains  
 Of heaven I see a face half-hidden --  
 My dearest, is it you?  
 Memories meet and I kneel  
 Before you because I am your slave  
 And your love. In this dark hour  
 Be with me, over my bed  
 As an angel, be near to me and do  
 Not die like a melody from Tchaikovsky.  
 Let me touch your hand, let me  
 Hold you so that I will know.  
 It is you forever and forever.

\*\*\*

All poems in this issue are by  
 the Editor,

Marion Schoeberlein  
 ----

## HUMOR'S KISS

To make a sweet laugh  
 A thousand fairies  
 Dance for a little girl  
 While she is receiving  
 The first kiss of humor  
 Without knowing it.

## BEARING FRUIT

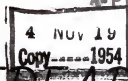
First bird that stirs  
 The trees to life at dawn  
 And breaks the sholl  
 of darkness  
 With a song -- upon  
 Your notes there is  
 a victory  
 Bearing fruit within the sod --  
 You are the prayer  
 at the bottom  
 Of the day -- to God.  
 The enchantment opening leaves  
 And flowers to me -- an arrow  
 Of light, of heaven pointing  
 Toward every tomorrow.

## FOUNDATION

Sparkling rain that sets  
 New diamonds in the flowers --  
 Makes the grass more emerald  
 You are foundation of fire  
 For the summers to come! God  
 lets  
 You down from silver hours  
 In the firmament -- you hold  
 The breath of spring in you.  
 Each tiny wire  
 Of the gasping, struggling rain  
 Is energy upon my windowpane!



PN4827



PROOFREAD

No. 12

Special Issue

Fall 1954

## Schuman No Longer an Official NAPA Member

*by James Arlen Metcalf\**

NEODESHA, KAS., Oct. 14 — After four months of investigation, it was disclosed here today that Kermit R. Schuman is no longer officially a member of the famed National Amateur Press Association.

Although Schuman is at present serving in the elected office of Recorder, his membership actually expired June 27, 1954. He has been a member, officially, since the summer of 1951.

To date Schuman has not received a new membership card, though he paid his dues by check on June 24,

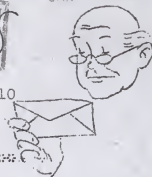
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*\*a reporter and friend of the publisher*



P

## PEN PAL



JANUARY 1954 - VOL. 1 NO. 10

A UNITED AMATEUR PALMS ASSOCIATION  
PUBLICATIONMAUDE BLACKWELL  
(EDITOR)3023 BROADWAY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

First, I want to thank every one who sent those lovely birthday and Christmas cards. I enjoyed them all more than I can say. Received a lovely gift from a member, and want to thank her especially. Wonder how she knew my favorite color was red? As my kitchen is in red trim, it came in handy. It was the pleasantest and most unexpected surprise of my life. Thanks from my heart.

Received a long, lovely letter from Nina Hard Crosby in far away, sunny California. Send us some sunshine. We could use some.

Had a cute and highly enjoyable note from Savilla and Ira Reely. They are located permanently in Florida, in a how house and all new furniture, snug as a bug in a rug. Am glad they are so happy in their home.

Received such a nice card and note from Mary Nelson from Milwaukee, inviting me to the Christmas Party. Even invited me to stay over night at her home. Was so sorry to have to decline, as I cannot go away at this time of year. Every one would holler about the heat, so I am, as every winter, stuck with the firing.

One of the cutest Christmas cards I received was from Pearl Thomas. It has a real bell on it, and it rings too. Says 'Jingle Bells' on it. A nice salute from The Jersey Jingle Belles.

Am glad Bill Ellis' operation was a success. We could not do without the Ellis's.

We all love the Seasonal Holidays, which begin with Annual Dinners and bazaars and end up with New Years Day, tired, and happy that they are over. We love the Beginning and the End equally well. We make silly resolutions that we never intend to keep.

During a seven week period I attended 11 dinners and 3 bazaars. So I'm both bent and broke.

Am glad the Mailer Problem is over. As so many members were so dissatisfied with not receiving their bundles at all. Am sure all of the members are receiving their bundles regularly now. Irma is a wizard, assisted by Eddie and George, the three tireless workers.

\*\*\*\*\*  
CHRISTMAS PAROLE

'Twas the night before Christmas, the Postoffice was open,  
We'd finished the sorting, and go home (we were hopin'),  
Letters were piled up in available places,  
On tables, in bags, in gunnys and cases,  
Some were to boy friends, from a loving chick,  
Others to kiddies from jolly St. Nick;  
Trucks were rumbling hither and yon,  
Sorters were sorting from dawn until dawn,  
Not for the likes of us would appear  
A miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

(OVER, PLEASE)

MEMBER  
OFU.A.P.A.  
0000000000  
0000000000  
0000

NUMBER 1

ISSUED OCCASIONALLY  
OZARKIAN

JANUARY

## PARNASSUS

JOURNAL OF  
POETRY - AND  
PROSE DEDICATED TO  
THE SONNET

PUBLISHED BY

ELMER R. KIRK, BOX 462, BUFFALO, MISSOURI, USA.

## SONNET TO MY LOVE

These lines are not written to be sublime,  
Nor merely to pass away lagging time,  
But are penned to you, my darling, for days to come,  
When all my humble work on earth is done.  
I leave to you this token of my love,  
I hope you will grasp the meaning of  
My earnest effort in poor style and rhyme,  
Remembering my affection for a time.  
One day the hours were bright and filled with sheer,  
I was thrilled by your charm--don't shed that tear!--  
And inspired by your love when you were near.  
But now all that's left for you to rehearse  
Are lost fragmentations, set down in verse,  
While I wait--on some other universe.

Elmer R. Kirk

\* \* \* \* \*

With the publishing of this, the first issue of OZARKIAN PARNASSUS, ye ed hopes to add something new to the usual poetry publication. EVERY ISSUE WILL CONTAIN AT LEAST ONE SONNET. However, there will be many other examples of verse forms, some good, some trivial--and a few, no doubt, will be plain...doggerel.

PARNASSUS is of a poetical nomenclature. The name honors one of the most sacred of all Grecian mountains, from whose twin peaks sounded the pipes of Pan. Ancient Grecians worshipped the mountain as the special dominion of the Muses, Dionysius and Pan, and on its southern slope was the famous Delfic oracle of Apollo, which played a large part not only in mythology but in the history of Greece.

Poetry, to me, has not been entirely a purpose but a passion--an ardent emotion which I have found impossible to resist. Be it perfect poetical style or weak and absurd in its construction, poetry to me is like an imprisoned soul-voice crying in a bleak wilderness of despair, begging to be released from its bondage of mixed emotions.

How well, or to what degree, the poetical soul-voice is able to escape its bondage is left to the individual poet, his handicraft, his technique. It has always been thus, it is now, and it always will be. Poetry is unending, eternal; it will remain with us forever, regardless of all good prose, TV, Rocket ships, wars and hydrogen Bombs.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'd like to get returns on time"  
So said the income man;  
The poet said, "I'm sorry, sir,  
I'll pay you when I can."

Howard Barton

I like to roller skate,  
This sport I must defend,  
But my sad failure is--  
I skate for hours on end.  
Ozark Pete

## pepperpot

an amateur journal

april 1954

no. 1

April,  
Amateur Press  
Month, 1954

-- An Editorial --

For the past few years we have been half-heartedly observing the month of April as "Amateur Press Month." The general idea has been to make a special effort during the one month to promote the hobby of amateur journalism, to get more publicity for the hobby, and to put special emphasis on recruiting during that period.

This year, to my knowledge, very little has been done to promote the hobby during April.

About March 15 I found the address of the National Hobby Guild, promoters of National Hobby Month during April and asked them to include "Amateur Press Month" with their publicity. To date I haven't heard from them.

Way last fall, as president of the UAPAA, I wrote the presidents of the NAPA and AAPA and suggested a co-ordinating committee to work on plans for the month. One of them designated a partly interested pair of members for the committee, the other didn't. Nothing further was ever done.

It seems to me that setting aside one month as "Amateur Press Month" presents a good opportunity to promote the hobby, something that we sorely need. It provides an excuse for getting displays of amateur journals into libraries and store windows. It provides an excuse upon which we can base news stories. It provides an excuse for members to speak to hobby (to page 2)

MEET  
William  
Malone

He prefers to be known as William Malone. I get away with Bill. One well known amateur journalist tried to call him Billy, but that didn't set at all.

No stuffed shirt at all, William Malone is an energy packed high school senior fast approaching 18 years of age. Confidentially, he's bright as the Texas sun and can't understand it when a math teacher drops him to a "B" grade.

He's the anchor man on the high school debate team that regularly wins their meets, associate editor and workhorse on the school newspaper, dynamo for the speech class radio show (he passed F.C.C. examinations last summer and this winter and has his first class license), he published a neighborhood newspaper at 11, and when he finds a spare moment these days he's a doggone good writer and topnotch mimeographer. His other hobbies are model railroading and photography.

His father is an M.D. and X-ray specialist and Bill intends to follow that lead after enrolling at Washington University, (to page 2)



# PEN PAL

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION  
VOLUME 1 - FEBRUARY 1954 - NUMBER 11

MAUDE BLACKWELL  
(EDITOR)

3023 BROADWAY  
CHICAGO, ILL.



X-PN 4827

Received a long letter from Dr. Belle S. Mooney. Is she planning Convention. Entertainment! Anyone who misses the Convention, will miss something. Leave it to Belle. She'll do it up grand.

Pearl Thomas wrote that she and husband would spend the Month of February in Florida, where they will bask in the sun, and feel sorry for all of us poor mortals shivering in the icy blasts of the north.

Among my Christmas Mail are several cards and letters from new members. Glad to see that we are adding new members, but oh! how the mailing crew does have to work.

Sorry to learn that so many of the Milwaukee Group are laid up with illness of one sort or another. Sincerely hope that they are well on the road to recovery at this time. Of course I am "old-fashioned" and seldom have a cold. I never sleep with my bedroom window open at night. Our Chicago night air is very damp, and one can feel the air cut the throat. Where I was reared we never had the windows open at night.

Have been waiting for a visit with one of our members, who wrote me that they would be in Chicago soon, and would have a cup of coffee with me. I have been looking forward to the meeting, but to date, nary a visit.

Sorry to learn that some of our members have dropped out because of the mailing trouble. Do hope they will re-consider their decision. It was just one of those things that happen in the best of regulated families, and we are just a big happy family.

Had a nice letter from Clarence Pope from Bonita Springs, Florida. He sent me some sand to remind me what I was missing. Maybe so, but I love the snow and cold. Couldn't live without them, although we have very little of it this winter.

Had a nice letter from "Grandma" Ida Zuberbuchler, telling me about the Christmas Party of the Milwaukee Group she attended in their fair city. Was nice that she could attend.

## CHRISTMAS PARTY AT CHICAGO

Our "WAKE OF THE NEWS" club had our Christmas Party on December 9th. Had a nice dinner and our President, Aunt Hannah, really does put on a real party, assisted by the able Secretary, Elaine C. Moore. Our regular Master of Ceremonies was absent for a very good reason. He got himself shackled for life, during the summer, and his boss had other plans for him, our own Jasper, Jr. I wonder if she'll use the gavel that I





MEMBER  
OF  
U.A.P.A.

OZARKIAN

4-MAR. 3



# PARNASSUS

ISSUED  
OCCASIONALLY

A JOURNAL OF POETRY AND PROSE DEDICATED TO THE SONNET

\*\*\*\*\*  
PUBLISHED BY ELMER R. KIRK, BOX 1462, BUFFALO, MISSOURI, U.S.A. ---  
\*\*\*\*\*  
(from LAW ABLEMANUM.)

THE DYING WORD  
By E.R. Kirk.

Sweet belles-lettres, oh what a charming thought--  
Earth's fragile children work both night and day  
And let all their world goods dwindle away  
For thankless effort that return them naught.

But when there must be wordy battles fought,  
Some unsung student of the Muse will sway  
The masses, and then to everyone's dismay  
Lay aside the glory that his laurels brought.

The harmless drudge, a genius clothed in rags,  
Once wrote iambic doggerel for his bread,  
'Until he learned his high and noble art.

Fear not, belles-lettres, raise your battle flags!  
Subtle literature is never dead  
But lives forever in some author's heart.

---TO JUANITA

KEEPING FIT

Time is only a continuum  
For her spirit, among the stars,  
While I roam Earth's lonely darkness,  
A boundless prison without bars.

Inside fourth-dimension space-time,  
Where astral souls can congregate,  
Lies the spirit of my darling  
In soul-sleep. God, why must I wait?

Sting of death? For me, a solace!  
Grim Reaper take me, if you will,  
So I too may share her soul-sleep  
In space-time. Death will be a thrill.  
--Howard Barton.

LIFE is like a short-short story,  
Filled with plot we can't resist;  
Humor, pathos, sometimes glory---  
Ending on a tragic twist.  
--Howard Barton.

A book of verse,  
Good, bad or worse,  
Will keep me fit and able,  
But where I shine  
Is when I dine--  
My feet beneath the table.  
--Ozark Pete.

\*\*\*\*\*  
FIFTY--FIFTY

We go 50--50 at our house,  
This fact my purse resents:  
For every 50¢ that SHE gets,  
My share is 50¢.  
--Ozark Pete.

Most women dislike gamblers  
And a plunger gives them  
creeps,  
They seldom bet on horses--  
But they play with love for  
jeeps. --Ozark Pete.



NUMBER 3

5 - MAR 29

COPY 1954

#339

MARCH 1954

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

OZARKIAN

ISSUED  
OCCASIONALLY

# PARANASSUS

A JOURNAL OF POETRY AND PROSE DEDICATED TO THE SONNET

PUBLISHED BY ELMER R. KIRK, BOX 462, BUFFALO, MISSOURI, U.S.A.

(from Introduction To Happiness, copyrighted 1946)

SONNET TO BEAUTY

by

Elmer R. Kirk

X-PN 4827

P

Tear down the mountains, drain the rolling seas,  
 Dam up the rivers, cut down all the trees,  
 Blast the sunlit skies to change the weather  
 But beauty shall remain with us forever...  
 Man burns the earth with poisonous gas,  
 He turns the purest gold to ugly brass,  
 He lets the world return to sad decay---  
 But love of beauty shall never pass away.  
 A floating cloud may paint the evening sky,  
 A frosted snowflake please the searching eye  
 Or the rainbow be left to beautify...  
 The sun, the moon, the stars are Beauty's dress,  
 Reminding all mankind that they confess  
 To love's own beauty and its loveliness.

--SINCERELY YOURS

THE OZARKS

Greetings and Salutations--  
 From the land of a million smiles,  
 Where beefsteaks range the mountains  
 And porkchops graze for miles.

Where cornpone and black molasses  
 Make gals in just their teens  
 More lovin' than all the roses--  
 On fatback and turnip greens.

Where pa forgets his whiskers,  
 Where ma forgets her care,  
 Where sis wears feed sack dresses  
 And bub forgets his hair.

Where hootowls hoot 'til daybreak,  
 Where hills wear Nature's styles,  
 There's peace and rest in the Ozarks,  
 "The land of a million smiles."

--Ozark Pete.

It is here that the mountains  
 With beauty untold,  
 Rise high to the heavens,  
 Their magic unfold.

Where birds in the forest  
 Make music and song,  
 Where peaceful spring waters  
 Stay cool summer long.

In hidden green valleys,  
 There's always a stream  
 Where the tired and the weary  
 May restfully dream.

God must have been happy  
 The day that He made  
 The Ozark's rare beauty,  
 Which never will fade.

--Howard Barton.

\*\*\*\*\*



# PERSONALLY YOURS

X-PN 4827

ALMA CALVERT, EDITOR, P  
GREENUP, KENTUCKY.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume 1 FEBRUARY 1954 NUMBER 1

## ICE IN FEBRUARY

River frozen...Red sun aglow...Hoigh, hoigh, ho!...A-skating we go...  
Right to left...Circle 'round...Figure eight...Turn around...Merrily  
we sail...O'er ice and snow...Hoigh, hoigh, ho!...A-skating we go.

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't fear making mistakes. Expect to make them. Since you are human, you will make them, sooner or later. It's not disastrous unless you let it be. Accept mistakes good-naturedly. Calmly explain or correct yourself. Laugh at yourself with others and you will see that they will like you for being such a good sport.

\*\*\*\*\*

You are shortchanging yourself if you remain an introverted, lonely person. You have within you the gifts of sympathy, understanding, security and stimulation that other people need so badly. Share your good gifts with others.

\*\*\*\*\*

We Kentuckians take for granted that all the world knows about our Pulled Green Candy. The fact is that most of us never heard of it while living in other parts of the country.

You will need a marble slab and either a candy pulling hook or a second person who can help you with the pulling. Don't make on a rainy day. This is a candy to make on a clear crackling cold winter day. Measure 3 cups sugar into a sauce pan and add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cold water. Place on low heat and stir until all sugar is dissolved. Wipe grains from side of pan. Cook to 230 deg.F. on candy thermometer. Add  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon soda dissolved in a few drops of cold water. Let boil hard for five minutes longer then add 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoonful at a time so that mixture never stops boiling. Let boil about 10 minutes, then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  stick butter, a small piece at a time. In 5 minutes add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt, then cook to hard boil stage, 260 deg.F. Pour out on cold, marble slab, and cool just enough so you can pick it up and pull. Pull for about 20 minutes or until you can no longer pull it and it is beginning to lose its glossy appearance. Pull out into a long rope about 1" or a little less in diameter and place on marble slab. Very quickly cut into pieces with buttered scissors. The "creaming" which transforms the candy from a taffy-like consistency to its finished texture sometimes takes place practically as soon as the candy is cut and sometimes it takes overnight. Do not store the candy until it has "creamed", then pack it into tin boxes with tight fitting lids. This is a white buttery candy which looks like fat pieces of pulled taffy but which crumbles into moltingly sweet bits at the first gentle bite.

\*\*\*\*\*

#341 .P

MAY, 1954

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 2

ALTA GREAVES, EDITOR  
GREENUP, KENTUCKY

# PERSONALLY YOURS,



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE CARDINAL'S SERENADE

## IN MEMORIAM

Here, here, open the window, dear,  
And tell me why you cry...  
Is it for love (Ah, sweet mem'ries!)  
That tears be-dim your eyes?  
Here, here, dry your tears!  
(No one dares to cry)  
While I pour my song of cheer  
Into May's bonnie skies...

I covered your grave today  
With roses sweet --  
(You loved them so)  
Two years ago you died --  
To the drum beat of WAR --  
On Heartbreak Ridge --  
(I loved you so!)

--A.G.

---A.G.

## TO A LOVED ONE

## INFINITE LOVE

I shall see you again...  
You live not here--but there--  
With Him in Spiritland.

---A.G.

She watches with tender care  
O'er her sleeping babe so fair.  
He wakes....  
Soft eyes gaze into her own  
Soft baby kisses--for her alone  
Soft baby arms her neck; enfold  
Two hearts as one --  
God ordained it so.....

--A.G.

Thanks to all the nice people who sent  
cards and letters re: PERSONALLY YOURS  
No.1...Wish I could meet each one of  
you and wish I could attend the meet-  
ings of the different groups...They  
sound so interesting and there's so  
much I could learn.

When progress ceases backsliding begins.  
God's choicest plants often live in the shade.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED  
(Washington, D.C.)

## NIGHTFALL

There is a big town  
And it has a frown  
Right in the center of its forehead..  
And when it was nice,  
It was very nice.  
But right now--  
I has become horrid.

---Thomas Vaughn.

## NEEDS

Less and less of old greeds  
More and more of human needs  
Is what this war-racked world needs.

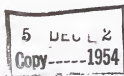
---Thomas Vaughn.

Red Russians of today  
Devoid of sense of right,  
Are having their own way,  
Shackling the Friends of Light.  
---Thomas Vaughn.

## HE AND SHE

She went South for a nice sun-tan..  
But she brought back a wealthy man.  
He went South for a pleasure twirl,  
And returned with a brand new girl.  
---Thomas Vaughn.

X-PN 4827



# PRIVATE PRINTER

Occasionally - For those who enjoy the craft

Nov. - Dec. 1954

Number One

## HAS YOUR PRESS A PURPOSE ?

### AN ARTICLE WHICH STATES OUR OUTLOOK

**A** VERY GOOD thing may lose its grip on us just because it is not related to a sense of achievement.

In printing this is especially true. How many a private printer has spent endless time "fiddling" with semi-serious attempts to print something — stationery for one of his friends, menus for the party, or a small leaflet for private circulation. We all know the feeling of much ado about very little which eventually brought us near to an early abandonment of the craft. For we felt the inadequacy of thinking about and doing something seemingly useless when it is completed, or just an interesting but unnecessary thing that people amusedly tolerated.

If every private printer would anchor his efforts in the craft to some compelling interest he holds in life, or to one of the community interests which abound today, an added satisfaction would attach itself to his pursuit of the craft.

Your local schoolmaster would delight

to have your help in producing some of the work his duplicator cannot do acceptably. The local horticultural society, the bee keepers' club, the village philately group, the local Darby and Joan Club, the new youth club struggling to survive against heavy overheads. All these and we imagine, many others as well, might claim the purposeful aid of the private printer. Now a word of warning. You should try to be selective in your interests. Such a plant as you are likely to possess is not without its limits, and you should develop it along specialist lines to best serve the cause you are purposefully helping. To be clear on this point is of the utmost importance. The old folks' newsletter demands a format a little different from a



Boy Scout bulletin! Type will be larger. Measure will help the sight. Flowers will be used, not stars or other gleeful reminders of the gaiety of youth. And this "atmosphere" work will narrow down your style so completely as to compel good work — *for the purpose to which you are committed.*

Here are three suggestions made to help focus the foregoing within the limits of an average plant. First, if you live in a small community, explore the possibility of a local news sheet. We have seen quite a good 8"x5" monthly produced on a 6"x4" hand machine. It only carried advertisements as a guide to shops that distributed it, but its worth to the neighbourhood was proved when the



X-PN 4827

Whole Number - - - Twelve



## THE POLYSTICH #343

Vol. 4 No. 2 WILMINGTON, MASS. Mar. 1955

Always distributed to at least 100 members of the  
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

### More about Polystich Policy

We announced our general editorial policy in our February 1954 issue; and we now add another point.

*The Polystich* was started long before we heard of The National Amateur Press Association; and though we joined them two years ago and now have many highly esteemed friends in it, this remains and will remain a publication for the general reader.

We have messages for any who care to read them.

You don't have to believe them. Belief is involuntary, anyway, just like love is. *The Polystich* might make a reader think (or try to think, if he can't actually do so); so read it at your peril. *It is not for any literary or typographical competition.*

H344

5 - MAY - 5



Whole Number -

COPY

1955

X-PN4827

# THE POLYSTICH

Vol. 4 No. 2 WILMINGTON, MASS. Apr. 1955

Always distributed to at least 100 members of the  
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

"As I gazed, a veil appeared to fall from my eyes..... I saw what might be termed *the image of another face* looking at me *through or behind* the actual form and face of H——. And that other face was his, and yet not his; but whatever it appeared to be, it was the face of a friend to me, one that I was certain I had known long, long ago, and moreover one that I must have loved in some distant time, for my whole soul seemed to yearn toward that indistinct haze where smiled the fully recognized yet unfamiliar countenance.

— Marie Corelli - A Romance of  
Two Worlds

PN 4827



Whole Number -- -- Fifteen



# THE POLYSTICH #345

Vol. 4 No. 5 WILMINGTON, MASS. June, 1955

Always distributed to at least 100 members of the  
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

5 - JUL 14

Copy 1955



No human institution that is based upon a fundamental error can permanently endure in the presence of a fundamental truth."

— T. J. Hudson, The Law  
of Mental Medicine



#346

V-PN4827



Whole Number

Sixteen



## THE POLYSTICH

AUG 10  
Copy 1955

Vol. 4 No. 6 WILMINGTON, MASS. July, 1955

Always distributed to at least 100 members of the  
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Give not that which is holy unto  
the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls  
before swine, lest they trample them  
under their feet and turn again and  
rend you.

— Jesus



4347

X-PN4827



## THE POLYSTICH

6-UC, 26

copy 1955

Vol. 4 No. 7 WILMINGTON, MASS. Oct. 1955

Always distributed to at least 100 members of the  
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

"When I meet falsehood I care not  
who the great persons who proclaim  
it may be. I do not try to like it or  
or believe it or mimic the fashionable  
prattle of the world about it."

—William Henry Hudson  
*The Purple Land*





#248

# PROOFREAD

THIRD  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE

X-PN 48 27

P

NUMBER 13



Viola Payne's First Convention

X-PN 4827

APR 10 1955

3249

## Printer's Letter

[Issue  
No. 1]Published by Samuel W. Tatnall,  
1111 Franklin Ave., Fresno 1, Cal.[Mar.  
1955]

for National Amateur Press Association, and other friends

## "Drukker Brie" Abandoned After No. 6

Anyway, *mijn vrouw* is now a naturalized citizen  
and a Dutch title is less essential, if ever at all.

\* \* \* \*

A professional analysis of my handwriting by  
a leading instructor of such, characterizes me thus:

- 1) Not fixed or matured in emotional reaction.
- 2) Possess considerable organizational ability—things or ideas in place and balance.
- 3) Concentrating, not scattering energies.
- 4) Not satisfied with absence of variety.
- 5) Diplomatic.
- 6) Conservative, not extravagant or wasteful.
- 7) Aggressive in desire.
- 8) Make few close, trusted friends.
- 9) Independent in thought and action.
- 10) Persistent.
- 11) Trace of irritability.
- 12) Also sarcasm.

The first item puzzles me. Public Library has a book about it by L. J. Saul which may help me. If you could see my shop with its multitude of papers, parts, tools, type, samples, records and three heavy machines—stacked, shelved, boxed, hung or banked within the confines of 147 sq. ft.—item two would be understood. More so, if you knew how much organizing had to be reshuffled to allow the added machinery its place.

Last part of item six may puzzle some who know my past errors, but I have succeeded in salvaging many things wasted by others and re-used much that I tore apart in moving and reshuffling. I still have in use a 4-flap sample case I got 20 years ago.

Most of my medications and reports are printed in 3-inch columns and this is easiest way to fill out the requirements of a standardized 5x7 NAPA page. Some typewritten letters get similar marginal treatment, so why not here?

## Printer's Letter 3

[Issue]  
No. 8]Published by Samuel W. Tatnall,  
1111 Franklin Av., Fresno 1, Cal.[Sept.  
1955]

for National Amateur Press Association, and other friends

## WHO'S WIFE?

It didn't make wife's ego purr  
When the hired girl came to help her,  
And proved, no wife has full franchise,  
On the fine art of baking pies  
That wins a man's most candid praise—  
So she's been pouting now for days.

—RAYMOND ELSWORTH

## WHOOPS!....

Two consecutive month-  
ly issues! And a first in  
the use of material from  
NAPA Manuscript Bur-  
eau (appearing at left).

Polio is No Mystery

By DUON H. MILLER, President,  
POLIO PREVENTION, INC.  
Coral Gables, Florida

A world survey will show in foreign countries, where they live on more natural food, such as raw milk, whole grain cereals, etc., and do NOT have our refined, devitalized, demineralized foods and soft-drinks . . . *Polio is unknown.*

A child or adult who is not deficient in blood calcium and whose blood sugar is normal, cannot and will not become a victim of Polio. The three primary causes of Polio can unquestionably be classified as *soft-drinks* (especially "colas"), *white sugar*, and *pasteurized milk*.

The terrific phosphoric acid content of "colas" destroys *body calcium* sorely needed by nature to help prevent Polio. Prof. Clive M. McCay of Cornell University reports: "At the Naval Research Institute we put human teeth in cola beverage and found they softened and started to dissolve within a short period. They became very soft within *two days*." (Journal of Nutrition, 1949, Vol. 39, p. 313).

The high *sugar* content (up to 10%) of the "cola" beverages masks the acidity; and children little realize that they are drinking this insidious strange mixture of phosphoric acid, sugar, caffeine, dye-stuff and flavoring matter.

White sugar, being a completely *de-limed* substance, has a natural high affinity for calcium and will steal calcium instantly. When sugar steals calcium from the blood stream

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE

#351

# Printer's Letter

[Issue]  
[No. 4]

Published by Samuel W. Tatnall,  
1111 Franklin Av., Fresno 1, Cal.

Oct. 4 26  
Copy 1955

for National Amateur Press Association, and other friends

## GIFTS

DN 48 27

My sweet, I'd like to give to you  
Some lovely gifts done up in blue  
Or, maybe, in a pale, pale pink.  
Yet, greater gifts are these, I think:

Besides the pretty clothes and toys,  
The books and jewels to bring you joys,  
My wishes, and my prayers, my dear,  
Would keep you happy year by year.

A consciousness of God, my sweet,  
In all the problems that you meet  
Would give serenity and poise,  
With courage, peace and fervent joys.

Were it within my power to give,  
You'd have capacity to live—  
Live radiantly, above all strife,  
The overcoming, noble life.

I'd have your heart filled full of love,  
With trust and courage from above.  
I'd have you know my Savior Lord,  
With faith triumphant in His Word.

—Katiebel Smith Posey

Copyrighted, 1946 by Mrs. S. G. Posey  
1443 Michigan Ave., Fresno 4, California

(Type borrowed, with permission, from a commercial job)

X-PN 4827

# The Prairie Breeze

4352

No. 1.

Fall 1955

Howdy! from Wyoming. The prairie breeze isn't new here. There is scarcely a day goes by without some breeze and sometimes there is too much. What is new is to catch some of it as it goes by and put it into print. This is a new experience for me too, so I don't know yet what the result will be.

I came to the prairie seven years ago from the mountain valleys of Utah. We were greeted shortly after arrival by the blizzard of 1949. We were happy to find out that it was unusual.

Perhaps some of you would like to know more about the prairie. Let me say first that the cowboys and Indians no longer chase each other across the landscape and except during Rodeo season, we seldom see a horse. I am sorry if this disillusion some of you.

The prairie is not flat but is rolling country which is covered with the rather short prairie grass. In the spring it can be a beautiful green carpet studded with wild flowers. In the late summer it assumes the color of dry grass until spring comes again.

There isn't much to catch the eye on the prairie. One sees an occasional ranch house, a few cattle, or possibly some antelope. There is plenty of empty country. A good place to find peace and quiet and the breeze blows over it all.

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

I enjoyed my brief visit to the Convention and I appreciate very much the extension of my membership because I had not received any packets. Thank you all.

Written & printed by Albert R. Taylor, 1822 Warren Ave., Cheyenne, Wyo.



# The Prairie Breeze

#350



2nd Blow

Blowing from Cheyenne, Wyoming

1055 Fall 1955

## YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Yorkshire Pudding is an almost forgotten old English delicacy usually eaten with Roast Beef. You don't agree? Then you have never tasted it with Raspberry Vinegar. When I was a boy we always had it that way and I was surprised to learn that most people had never heard of raspberry vinegar.

Plain Yorkshire pudding, I agree, is kind of tasteless stuff, but with raspberry vinegar it melts in your mouth. Yorkshire pudding recipes can still be found in some of the cookbooks. Raspberry vinegar is listed as a beverage in my mother's cookbook (1899), and I don't know how it got connected with the pudding. It is like a syrup when used for pudding and is diluted with water for the drink.

In order to make it in any quantity one needs a raspberry patch. If you have none, then I suggest that you use the frozen ones. It is very easy to make and only takes a few minutes. This is how it is done:

Take 1 package of frozen raspberries,

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of cider vinegar.

Boil a few minutes to cook the raspberries,

Then rub through a sieve to remove the seeds.

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar to juice and pulp and

Boil again a few minutes to thicken.

Pour into a jelly glass or jar, and keep in a cool place.

To use, spread sparingly on your Yorkshire pudding, omelets, cold chicken or other meats. You will be pleasantly surprised, I think. Try it. The regular recipe will be sent, on request, to anyone with a raspberry patch. I was reminded of all this by Elaine J. Peck in the Colorado Roundup, No. 1.

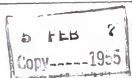
Written & printed by Albert R. Taylor, cooled by the breeze and the damp wash hanging in the laundry at 1822 Warren Ave., Cheyenne, Wyoming.



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# THE PATRIOT

Number 1

Cleveland, Ohio

Jan. 1955

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

*The Patriot*, in this the maiden issue, extends a hearty Happy New Year to all NAPA members. May the New Year begin cheerful and end prosperous.

This is the time to renew often repeated resolutions for a better life. Many are resolved to turn over a new leaf of life and mend their ways. But oh! How they get amnesia and lose their way before the year ends. But it is a good pastime and a reason for pleasant conversation. At least the "resolvers" find courage to live out the year. That old vital force of younger years boils in the blood again.

So resolve and resolve! Be happy and helpful!

## AMERICAN CREED

With the birth of the New Year it is only fitting that Americans reaffirm together their devotion to their country by a new acquaintance with the American Creed:

"I believe in the United States of America as a government by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation

5 - MAR 27

# THE PATRIOT

Number 6

Cleveland, Ohio

March 1955

## LOOKING FORWARD

A new year has dawned with another State of The Union message. President Eisenhower has undertaken to provide adequately not only for our economic security but also for our defense.

These are his encouraging words: "Every political and economic guide supports a valid confidence that wise effort will be rewarded by even more plentiful harvest of human benefit than we now enjoy. Our resources are too many, our principles too dynamic, our purposes too worthy and the issues at stake too immense for us to entertain doubt or fear. But our responsibilities require that we approach this year's business with a sober humility."

Perhaps it seems to us that there is little personally we can do to perfect this program. It is Congress' job. But certainly we can pledge our undivided loyalty to our wonderful free country.

January 17, 1956 was the 250th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, our patron saint of printing.

President Washington was born February 22, 1732 and President Lincoln February 12, 1809.

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# THE PATRIOT

Number 3

Cleveland, Ohio

June 1955

5 - JUL 14

Copy 1955

APRIL

A is for the Average Man among us  
P is for the Peace we hope to keep,  
R is for the Rights our heroes won us,  
I is for our Independency—  
L is for the Liberty we hold so dear.  
Put them all together they spell April  
A month remembered for brave Paul Revere.

—Orella D. Halstead

## WHAT IS GREEN

What is green?  
It's a color  
Ah, but more  
It's a nation,  
A field of grass,  
A branching tree,  
A brilliant birthstone,  
Polly's feathers,  
A bridesmaid's dress.  
And 'cause there's not enough,  
Man invented dye  
To make more things green.

—L. M. Jolian

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1955

# THE PATRIOT

Number 7

Cleveland, Ohio

June 1955

## FARM BILL VETO

Few public men in our history have shown the courage and statesmanship President Eisenhower did when he vetoed the late Farm Bill. Even the Democratic majority in Congress approved his veto by failing to override it.

In his veto message the President gave as the chief reason for his action, "It was a bad bill. In the months ahead, it would hurt more farmers than it would help. In the long run it would hurt all farmers.

..... The country's prosperity cannot be sustained without a healthy and prosperous agriculture."

The bill was not in the interest of all Americans. He, therefore, determined to veto it in spite of political pressure.

President Eisenhower has lost a few farm votes for his courageous and patriotic action. Let us hope Congress gives him a good farm bill he can approve.

## IDLE SURPLUSES

Our farm surpluses ought to be put to work.

The government is spending billions of dollars of hard cash in aid to European and Asiatic countries

X-PN 48 27

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#352

# THE PATRIOT

Number 4

Cleveland, Ohio

Sept. 1955

## AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

No earlier number of *The Patriot* has issued a statement on American Independence, celebrated July 4th. August 6th should be recognized as another day of independence from the toils of totalitarianism. On that day the A-bomb destroyed Hiroshima, breaking the Japanese military power. Hiroshima thoroughly demonstrated the destructive element of the Atom bomb.

As a military weapon it may be used by either belligerent. America, therefore, stands in just as much danger of annihilation as other nations. The recent Geneva Conference proposed an arrangement whereby nations agreed to convert the Atomic bomb to peaceful and constructive uses. Honorable Harold E. Stassen, special assistant to President Eisenhower, on disarmament, has promoted such conversion in a recent statement made in Cleveland. He then declared the A-bomb to be truly a weapon that can be turned into a plowshare.

Everyone in the United States should make himself acquainted with the peaceful potentials of atomic energy and help American leaders in their efforts to stem the destruction of mankind.

5-DEC 25  
Copy 1955

4359

# THE PATRIOT

Number 5

Cleveland, Ohio

Winter 1955

## THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

The editor of *The Patriot* regrets such late recognition of President Eisenhower's Birthday, October 14th, but this is the earliest issue after that celebrated date. We are greatly grieved that he had to spend his sixty-fifth birthday in the hospital. Our prayers are for his speedy and complete recovery. We need him for years to come. He has cemented friendships with the rest of the world such as no other American statesman can do. He won for his country a world war. With him at the helm of the ship of State, America can win a world peace.

—Orella D. Halstead

## ARMISTICE DAY 1918-1955

That day the guns fell silent at a word,  
And instant bells awoke, and every hill  
Rang high with song, till heaven itself was stirred:  
Only the dead lay still,  
The weary dead. But when to-day a clear,  
Soft silence falls, they gather, listening  
(Grown wise with immortality), to hear  
Our mute remembering.

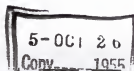
—Nancy Byrd Turner

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# PRIVATE PRINTER

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*Number Two - September, 1955*



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEURS  
Saint Louis, Missouri

December 1955

Volume I Number I

# Patient or Impatient

X-PN4827  
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5- JAN - 0  
Copy-----1956

Published by Ruth Leggans, 517 No. 59th St., East St. Louis, Ill.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*  
\* NO HOME IS SAFE FROM TUBERCULOSIS UNTIL ALL HOMES ARE SAFE \*  
\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Did you buy CHRISTMAS SEALS this year?

Hello, all you wonderful people. I am so happy to be a new member of the UAPA. My interest in poetry took me to the meeting of the Saint Louis United Amateurs last month. I was so interested in the group that I signed up immediately. Now that was a strange thing for me to do because I have never tried to write anything before. This is my first attempt at writing and I hope you will let me know how you like it.

There are many interesting and humorous things that happen in everyday life. Many people shudder at the thought of spending a few days or weeks in a hospital. But what happens to their thoughts when they find that these few weeks will be stretched into years. Several years ago I was told that I had an active case of tuberculosis. Naturally I was hurt and disappointed at the thought of spending a long length of time in a sanatorium as I felt that I had the best years of my life ahead of me. Two days after I entered the "San" my Son was born and had to be left behind in the care of strangers, as my Mother was a patient in the Sanatorium too.

Life being what it is, we find that it is best to make the best of each situation by taking it on the chin and bear it. Sometimes we feel that all is lost and that it is just no use, but if we allow God to take us by the right hand and lead us we find that actually nothing is lost but ourself.

A Tuberculosis Sanatorium is really a wonderful place and many interesting things go on behind the doors. Everyone in the San is in the same boat so we cannot go on feeling sorry for ourselves. TB patients go through what we call progressive promotions. X-rays are taken each month to keep track of each person's condition. As progress is made in the condition the patient is allowed to sit up in bed to eat his meals. Have you ever tried to eat while lying down??? You should try it sometime.

# The Peacemaker

VOLUME V

APRIL 11, 1955

NUMBER 19

2-OCT-55  
Copy 1955  
"New Directions for Pacifism"  
To Be Topic of Seminar

## Hillsboro, Ohio Parents Refuse to Send Their Children to Segregated School

Since September 17, 1954, parents have been keeping 33 children out of school in Hillsboro, Ohio, in an attempt to induce the school board to abandon a rezoning policy designed to relegate almost all Negro elementary pupils to one school. The rezoning measure was adopted about two weeks after the opening of the fall semester, after Negro parents had moved to place their children in the schools nearest them. The children attended classes for two weeks before the redistricting was announced by School Superintendent Paul Upp.

Petition for an injunction to prevent enforcement of the zoning resolution was filed in U.S. District Court by the NAACP on grounds that Hillsboro was thereby violating the U.S. Supreme Court decision banning segregation in the public schools. The petition was denied January 28 by Judge John H. Druffel in a decision based on testimony of Superintendent Upp that integration would take place upon the completion of two new schools, at which time all-Negro Lincoln Elementary School would be closed. Construction of the schools is scheduled for completion in two years.

Even in the face of the adverse decision, morale is high in Hillsboro among parents who are keeping their children out of school. Many of the children still report to one of the two "white" schools, and at least two of them have not missed a single morning. They report, are denied admission

and return to their homes. Parents say they will not enroll their children in Lincoln even if there is a court order to that effect. The NAACP is appealing the decision of the District court.

There is hope that a nation-wide protest might bring about integration in the Hillsboro schools, hasten it, at least, and interested persons are asked to express their concern to Superintendent Paul Upp and to Governor Frank J. Lausche in Columbus.

The Hillsboro NAACP chapter was formed last fall around the school question after attention had been focussed on the problem by Philip Partridge, at that time Highland County engineer, who attempted to burn down all-Negro Lincoln elementary school because, he said, "Integration will not take place in Hillsboro in twenty years as long as Lincoln remains in existence." Partridge, father of four children, is now serving a sentence in the Ohio State Penitentiary for arson and burglary.

## In Appreciation of Caroline Urie

Caroline Urie is dead. Last Sunday night, April 3, her frail body—tortured with arthritis, losing both hearing and sight, and unable to continue effective communication with her beloved family, friends and world-wide correspondents—embarked on its final brave adventure.

Somehow, even at a distance, we know that Caroline went out to meet the challenge, as was her way in all things, with the courage of a great soul. If her time had come she was game—she would march out on her own power . . . and conquer death by embracing it.

Not that her work was done. For her work was universal human brotherhood, a true peoples' world government, the triumph of the way of love and non-violence in human relations, the dawn on earth of that kingdom which is in heaven. That work is never done.

But Caroline Urie really made a dent in it. A birth-right Quaker, of aristocratic American stock, she early absorbed the teachings of Fox and Woolman, and Rufus Jones, at their radical best, along with the traditions of America's founding fathers. Whether it was as a Montessori kindergarten teacher, a volunteer with Jane Adams at Hull House, a campaigner with Ramsey MacDonald in London, a friend

of her humble neighbors in the mountains of Italy, a mother and grandmother, a counselor of C.O.s, a marcher in a picket line protesting conscription, or one of America's first registrars of World Citizens, Caroline Urie sought out and followed her Inner Light with telling effect. Her courage, sincerity, and the cogency of her analysis of the problem at hand, put many of us to shame and stirred us to new heights of understanding and feeling . . . and action.

Three top leaders will be featured in the discussion program. All are specialists in the field of peace and in specific areas of activity.

Tom Wardle is a staff member of the English pacifist newspaper "Peace News" and is currently touring the United States. Wardle, one of Britain's outstanding young pacifist thinkers, is a specialist in colonial affairs and is active in the European "Third Camp" Movement.

Bayard Rustin, one of the founders of Peacemakers, is now Program Director of War Resisters League. He is an authority on non-violent direct action, having led several CORE campaigns, and he has visited extensively with national leaders in Africa and Asia to learn more of the non-violent way of life.

Cecil Hinshaw, also a leader in the organization of Peacemakers, is the former president of William Penn College and a prominent Quaker educator, lecturer and author. Hinshaw has just returned from a six months around-the-world tour during which he studied the non-violent movements in various countries, especially the Bhava Land Gift Mission in India. Cecil's main concern is the building of a mass non-violent movement in America to meet aggressive evil. He has written a booklet on the subject titled "An Adequate and Moral Program of National Defense."

Registration for the seminar should be made by May 1 as it will be limited to fifty persons. The registration fee is \$2; total cost, which includes six meals, two nights lodging and Faculty expense will be \$10 per person with a special rate of \$6 for students. Make checks payable to America Friends Service Committee and mail to Russell Johnson, 130 Brattle Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.

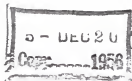
of her humble neighbors in the mountains of Italy, a mother and grandmother, a counselor of C.O.s, a marcher in a picket line protesting conscription, or one of America's first registrars of World Citizens, Caroline Urie sought out and followed her Inner Light with telling effect. Her courage, sincerity, and the cogency of her analysis of the problem at hand, put many of us to shame and stirred us to new heights of understanding and feeling . . . and action.

Peacemakers perhaps know Caroline  
(Continued on Page Two)

## McDowell Leaflet Available

A comprehensive leaflet on the attainment of peace has recently been written by Mary McDowell, who has long been active in Peacemakers. Entitled "The Future of Our Country," the folder is intended particularly for people who have not thought much about peace, in the hope they will be started on the road to considering the matter. The author attempts to show briefly "how a free and peaceful world could be attained without incurring overwhelming disaster, by gradual steps, if only enough ordinary people would awake to these possibilities, and stand for actions in accord with our democratic and our religious faith."

Copies at 3 cents each or 2 for 5 cents can be obtained at AFSC, 144 East 20th Street, New York 3, N. Y.



X-PN482

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## -- PEARL'S GEMS --

\*\*\*SANTA\*\*\*

Santa's an electric train,  
A beautiful new toy;  
Santa is a "dream-boat",  
To every girl and boy.

Santa is a walking doll,  
A bright red shiny bike;  
Santa is 'most everything,  
That little children like.

Santa's a composite  
Of good things from above;  
Given on earth at Christmas,  
As a symbol of His love.

-- PEARLY-BELLE

\* - \* - \*

## CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is a jolly time,  
When we like to make merry,  
With evergreen, mistletoe  
And the holly berry.

The time when decoration,  
And trimming are the fad;  
We decorate the home and tree,  
And "trim" poor dear old dad!

-- PEARLY-BELLE --

\* - \* - \*

I wish to thank all of you who  
remembered me on my birthday by  
sending beautiful cards and notes.

--PEARL--

\* - \* - \*

BEAUTY'S SPARKLE by HAUDE BLACKWELL

Diamonds sparkle  
When worn in the light,  
But the beautiful snow  
Sparkles all thru the night.  
No glitter can compare  
With God's beauty everywhere.

\* - \* - \*

)H, YES! Merry you-know-what!

## --ANNOUNCEMENT--

HEAR YE! I feel a contest comin' on!  
Write me a poem on "WINTER"—a serious  
poem in free verse or rhyme, telling the  
beauties of winter, or the curse, the  
miseries, the sorrows, whatever way you  
look at it. No humorous poetry this  
time! I want to get your impressions of  
winter in beautiful imagery. So dig out  
Roget and haul out a mess of adjectives  
and sling 'em together. No length limit  
within reason, but twelve or fourteen  
lines is best. Write or type on regular  
size paper and send to Frances Lois  
Vaughn, 322 So. 2nd St., Millville, N. J.  
Write or type on regular size paper and  
if you want entries returned, be sure  
and include postage and return envelope.  
Me and Uncle Sam have never yet come to  
any kind of an agreement that would let  
me use his mails at my convenience without  
paying for the privilege. One cash prize  
and gifts of stamps will go to the lucky  
winners. DEADLINE Feb. 1st—so hurry!

Signed: Fran.

\* - \* - \*

Well, here I am with half a column  
to fill up, so I guess I'll tell you  
about one of the thrills of being a writer.  
Over and over again, I've thanked God for  
allowing me what little talent I possess,  
because it is responsible for so many of  
those little surprises that lend life  
excitement and enchantment. Like this ...

I was out in the kitchen doing dishes  
about three weeks ago, when the telephone  
rang. Automatically, I dried my hands and  
zoomed into the dining room before it could  
cut me off. Imagine my surprise when the  
operator asked for me and said New York was  
calling me. Of course, I was all goose-  
pimply because nobody out-of-town, except  
my relative ten miles away, ever calls me.  
Then I remembered an uncle I have in New  
York, whose visits we dread because he comes  
with a schedule and we have to drop all our  
plans to carry out his. But I was lucky.  
It was the head of a large candy concern  
and they wanted a Thanksgiving poem of  
mine I'd had in IDEALS, for window display.  
Result? Six boxes of chocolates and nuts  
in a decorated basket too pretty for words!

- Xmas -



# Patient or Impatient



FEBRUARY 1956



VOLUME I  
Number II

5 - FEB 24  
Copy 1956

EDITOR:  
Mrs. Ruth Leppene  
517 North 5th St.  
East St. Louis, Ill.

NO HONK IS SAFE  
FROM TUBERCULOSIS  
UNTIL ALL HONKS  
ARE SAFE

X-PN4827

TB or not TB  
That is congestion.  
Consumption be done about it?  
(Of enough, of enough,  
But not for lung, lung time.  
- Detroit Fluoroscope  
Tuberculosis Magazine

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Hello Everybody! The enthusiasm and encouragement given me by all you people is wonderful. I'm sorry I didn't get the "Patient" out in January but since you were all PATIENT and none were IMPATIENT I will go ahead with my February issue. Everyone has told me how much they want to hear more about my life in a TB San so the least I can do is to grant the wishes of all you wonderful people.

First of all, I want to set everybody straight. I have received a number of letters asking if I am still in the hospital so I guess the best thing to do is start at the beginning so that no one will be confused. I was discharged from the San in September 1950 and annual check-ups have proved my condition is satisfactory. Several members have told me that they think it is wonderful that I use my strength to put out my paper. Well, they are all in for a surprise. As the Saint Louis Members can tell you I am as healthy as the next one and feel that I can do about as much as they can.

The title of my paper "Patient or Impatient" also left an impression that I am a patient. The reason I called my paper "Patient" is because a person who is on a "rest cure" must have patience and be patient in order to make any progress. An "Impatient" patient holds back their recovery because people who are sick must at all times have a clear mind and should not feel sorry for themselves if they expect to recover as soon as possible. The "Patient" patient finds himself on the road to recovery much sooner than the patient who is "Impatient" and wants to get up right away.



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Come to  
Saint Louis in 1957





#366

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## Patient or Impatient



MARCH 1956

VOLUME 1  
Number 3

9-MAR 27

## EDITOR:

Mrs. Ruth Leggans  
517 North 50th St.  
East St. Louis, Ill.NO HOME IS SAFE  
FROM TUBERCULOSIS  
UNTIL ALL HOMES  
ARE SAFE

Do you ever say to yourself - "I just don't have the time!" ? Everyone today seems to be in such a rush, rush, rush, to do something. They have that hurry, hurry, hurry feeling to get things done. How many times do you wearily let yourself fall exhausted into a chair and say - "If I only had a moments rest -" How many times have you wished that you didn't have to get up each day and could do just as you please. Gee! I wouldn't it be nice to come and go when we want to and not have so much to do?

It really isn't as nice as some people think it would be. When people think of those things they really don't know what they are asking for. I had that hurry, hurry, hurry feeling which helped me to come down with Tuberculosis. I had that rush, rush, rush feeling that helped me to get things done, but it depleted my energy and my reserves. While in the San, I learned to slow down to a normal pace and found that this way I was really way ahead of the game. Life is a slow business anyhow - and you'll never get out of it alive. A clock doesn't run better because it's running faster than other clocks.

SAINT  
LOUIS

1957



The first couple weeks of my "stay" in the San I believe that I read every book in the library. Then I decided that I would learn to crochet. In my hurry, hurry, hurry life I didn't have time for such time wasters so while I had all the time in the world I decided to give it a try. I learned my chain and double crochet stitches in a very short time and soon graduated from dainty hankies to doilies and such. I found this work was very relaxing and I became very much ambitious with my progress. I found a pattern for a tapestry of "The Last Supper" - for a beginner it looked like a hopeless task but I figured that I had a couple of years ahead of me in the San anyhow. I consulted the pattern and found that it would require over 5000 yards of thread. But I was not to be discouraged and proceeded to go ahead with my ambition. One thing about crocheting - if you make a mistake in your pattern or if you are dissatisfied with the work you have done you can always unravel it. The only thing you've lost is your time - and time is what you have the most of in a Sanatorium.

Published by Ruth Loggans - 517 N. 59th St., East St. Louis, Ill.



May 1956

## Patient or Impatient

Volume I  
Number V

AN HONOR TO MOTHER



It seems unfair that only one day out of the year is set aside to honor our Mother. Have you ever stopped to think that we all depend on Mother 365 days out of the year? How many times did she take you upon her lap and give you a world of understanding and a smile for every tear you shed? It seems that just a word from Mother drove away all of our cares and we just can't imagine our home without Mother there. In some of the likings we got. Of course we deserved them and at the time we might have even thought we would never love her again. Thinking back on these things we know that had Mother not disciplined us we would not be the persons we are today. Through discipline Mother taught us the difference between right and wrong. She taught us to be honest and trustworthy of all people. She taught us to have courage in place of fear and gave us strength when we became weary. She also taught us all about God and his wonderful promises.

In my paper this month I wish to Honor my Mother to whom I owe very much. Mother was the one who gave me added strength and courage when I felt that all was lost. Mother also had Tuberculosis and with her added faith we both conquered TB. There have been many times that she did without, so that I could have some little thing I wanted. There were many things that she did for me and I failed to show my appreciation to her. Many of us take 'Mother' for granted. I realize that now. I think I never really truly knew how much I owed for my Mother, nor knew that any love could be as deep as the love which she gave to me. I never realized that through all the years 'Mother' gave me a love that changed every little task to joy. A Mother's love stays the same throughout the years and I never truly knew my Mother's love for me and mine for her, until I became a Mother too.

Mother likes to write poetry when the mood strikes her and for my Mother's Day Issue I would like to feature some of her poems. I also wish to add a poem written many years ago by George Cooper. I enjoyed it very much and feel that everyone else will too.

## ONLY ONE MOTHER

-by George Cooper

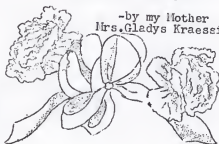
Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of lambs in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn  
But only ONE MOTHER the wide world over.

## CANNIBAL

A Cannibal is a fellow  
Who loves his fellow men,  
Tall, slim or short,  
Pale or golden tan.  
Civilian, Priest, Army,  
Marine or Navy,  
Everyone he loves,  
Especially with Gravy.

A Cannibal is a fellow  
Who loves his fellow man.  
Everyone of them he loves  
Sizzling in the pen.

-by my Mother  
Mrs. Gladys Kraessig

COME TO THE

"GATEWAY  
TO  
THE WEST"SAINT LOUIS IN  
1957

JULY  
Volume I1956  
Number VII

Patient



A318



Impatient

## Patient or Impatient

X-PN4827

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## "Clean Hands or Dirty Hands"



When Little Johnny comes in from play Mother promptly tells him - "Johnny, go wash your dirty hands." When Little Johnny comes in from play he

has dirt on his hands which can be seen and naturally Mother tells him to use some soap to get them nice and clean again.



When Mother comes in from shopping or visiting with the neighbors or working in the yard does she wash her hands before she goes to the kitchen to prepare food for her family? Her hands, of course do not look dirty, for the dirt on her hands is of the kind that can't be seen. Little germs which are invisible to the naked eye are on her hands as she enters her home after spending an afternoon shopping. Who knows, perhaps Mother might have handled some things while shopping and no one knows how many other people have handled these same things. You do not know who have handled those things, nor how many people have touched them. You have no idea how unsanitary those things are which you are touching. Have you ever given it a thought? Your hands are just as dirty as Johnny's.

What I am trying to get across to you is the fact that Tuberculosis is transmitted from one person to another through the lack of sanitary precautions. I am writing this article in the hope that it will bring many people to a rational, sane conclusion in regard to Tuberculosis and that it will help combat the unreasoning and unreasonable fear some people have of the disease.

When several members of a family have active cases of TB people begin to get the false impression that TB is hereditary. The real reason that several members of a family contract Tuberculosis is because they are in direct association with the person who has the disease, not because it is inherited. In your own home Tuberculosis can be transmitted from one person to another. How many times have you ever used the same glass as someone else

with the remark - "Oh, don't bother to get me a glass, I'll use this one?"

DON'T USE



SAME GLASS

Now each one of you can certainly stop and think of a time or two when you said the very same statement. Do you ever use a fork or other silverware after someone else has used it? Of course you have all taken a taste of something now when offered on a fork or spoon by another person. Do you feel



ANOTHER'S SILVERWARE

refuse and asked for another glass, fork or spoon?

The person involved should realize that he is making it possible to transmit germs from one person to another. Have you ever passed a soda bottle around and given everyone a sip or two? Have you ever stopped to think that you do not know what germs pass from one mouth to another. You cannot be sure of another person and most of all you aren't sure of yourself. Don't pass cups and glasses around to others. Keep them all safe when they are in your home by practicing sanitary measures.



NOVEMBER

1956



Volume I

Number 7

Published by

Mrs. Ruth Legans, 317 N. 56th St.  
East St. Louis, Ill.

Patient or Impatient X-PN4827.

# Merry Christmas

Hi Folks! Is it too early to wish everyone a MERRY CHRISTMAS? Maybe so....but now is the time to start thinking about those little Christmas Seals which you should buy each year.

What do you see when you look at the Christmas Seal? A bright little sticker to use on cards and gifts during the holiday season?... A message of hope for those who are sick, a reminder for those who are well?....A way for millions of people everywhere to share in the fight against Tuberculosis?....A mighty crusade for good health and happiness under the banner of the double-barred cross, a crusade that goes on the year round in your home town and all over the country?

The Christmas Seal means all of these things - and much more. Let's look at the story behind the Christmas Seal and the double-barred cross, the symbols of your Tuberculosis Associations crusade for health. It's not a long story as time goes but it's packed with drama. Like many stories, it has roots in different places and different times. It brings together...a one-room cottage in the North Woods....a post office worker in Denmark....a handicapped lady in Wilmington, Delaware....the leading newspaper of a great American city....a ragged little newsboy....and millions of Americans, sharing through Christmas Seals in the crusade for a better life.

We need to turn back the clock only 50 years to find the beginnings of the story behind the Christmas Seal. In those days most people believed there was no cure for Tuberculosis. For centuries TB caused more deaths than any other disease. There was little hope for those it touched.

One of the men who helped start the crusade against Tuberculosis was Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau. Soon after he graduated from medical school in 1871, he learned that he had the disease. He was stunned and believed the diagnosis to be a sentence of death. Dr. Trudeau thought that if he had only a short time to live he would spend it in quiet and peace. He went to the Adirondack Mountains to die in the surroundings he loved. Instead, he found life there. To his joy, the quiet life improved his health. Little by little the symptoms of the disease left him. He found that on the days he rested he felt much better than on other days. Was rest the cure for Tuberculosis? He studied everything he could find about the causes and treatment of TB and came to believe that something COULD be done about TB. Today rest is still the basic treatment of TB. To help others with TB Trudeau set up the first successful Tuberculosis Hospital in the United States. This was a one-room cottage at Saranac Lake, New York. The cottage measured only 14 by 15 feet and had room for only 2 patients. Some people laughed at Trudeau, but patients got well under his care. Many people came to Trudeau for help and more hospitals were needed. Money was scarce. There was no organization or group to help. A modern crusade was needed.



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5 - JUL - 2

Pr. 1956

United, Amateur

JUNE

1956

VOLUME I

NUMBER VI

'Patient'

'Impatient'

Patient or Impatient

Published by Ruth Loggans, 517 North 59th St., East St. Louis, Ill.

Worry! Worry! Worry! -- Money! Money! Money! -- Worry! Worry! Worry!... What are you going to do to earn some in a hurry? With the breadwinner in a Tuberculosis Sanatorium this presents a big problem for some families. The head of the family is down flat on his back and his income which was coming in so regularly is suddenly discontinued. The Rehabilitation Program at the Sanatorium, not only keeps the patient occupied but helps to relieve mental strain.

The Rehabilitation program makes it possible for the breadwinner of the family to make saleable handicraft to earn some money to relieve the money-worry which is on his mind. The patients can make potholders on a small weaving loom. If you don't want to make potholders you can weave the squares together to make hats, purses, rugs and many other useful articles. There are many articles which can be crocheted or knitted. The men who are making progress are able to work in a workshop which is equipped with tools and machines necessary for making bookcases, and tables, lamps, what-nots and they even make cups from the bottom of discarded bowling pins. There are so many things which are discarded that can be made into useful things, not only by TB patients, but by other handicapped people. Other crafts include leather-craft, jewelry making, and art work. In the rehabilitation of married women... they can avail themselves of the homemaker courses that many sanatorium offer their patients. Many a seasoned housewife has been surprised to find the many short-cuts that can be employed in the routine tasks about the home. Or, on the other hand, if she is a "green" housekeeper when she enters the san, here is her chance to learn the ins and outs of that profession. Sewing courses are also offered to the ladies.

Most of us know that Tuberculin skin tests are given to High School students each year to determine if they have contacted TB. Do you wonder what becomes of those students who DO have TB???? They continue their studies under the direction of a teacher who gives them the amount of study their health will permit. I have known quite a few high school students who have graduated and received their diplomas while a patient at the sanatorium. These students are given lessons in a trade or vocation which will permit them to live normal lives upon their discharge from the sanatorium....

Very few people think of a stay in a sanatorium as an opportunity to go to school and learn how to live, yet that is exactly what it may be in your life, if you will make it so. All of us have gone to school at some time or other in our lives and know that when we do not wish to learn something the best teacher in the finest classroom cannot teach it to us. The first requisite for a successful school is to find an eager student. If you will furnish the willingness to learn what the sanatorium has to teach you will find that all of the staff, the nurses, the doctors, the social workers and everyone you will meet, will try to teach you all they have tried and learned about the most important task in your life, just now... getting well. Yes, the Sanatorium is a school, a very special school, where you learn to live with your Tuberculosis.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Protect your family circle  
Get a chest X-ray...today

TUBERCULOSIS CAN BE CURED  
(I know)

No home is safe from Tuberculosis  
until ALL homes are safe.

TUBERCULOSIS CAN BE  
CONTROLLED



# Patient or Impatient

5 - APR 30  
Copy 1956

APRIL 1956



VOLUME I  
Number IV

## EDITOR:

Mrs. Ruth Leppens  
517 North 50th St.  
East St. Louis, Ill.

NO MORE IS SAFE  
FROM TUBERCULOSIS  
UNTIL ALL HUMAN  
ARE SAFE

## "A DAY IN A TB SAN"

You have all doubtless heard the expression "Rest Cure" associated with Tuberculosis. During my first few days I began to wonder if I would ever get any rest. Noe is me ! ! !

I'm going to take you to the San with me today and have you spend a day taking part of that "rest cure" you all hear so much about.

Early in the morning you will enter the San and an immaculate nurse with stiffly starched cap on her head will take you to your room. Having gotten settled down in your bed you sink down into the smooth white sheets not realizing that you really are tired and worn out from the hustling life you led. You have about 2 minutes of rest when a nurse comes in to check your weight, take your pulse, and your temperature. Then she will bring a stretcher into the room (You will find out later that they call those things "Banana Wagons") and take you down to the main floor into the operating room with walls of spotless white. This strange place with all the strange utensils (mean looking, too) make you wonder what comes next. The Doctor, looking like a man from outer space, comes into the room wearing funny looking glasses used to see a fluoroscope clearly. He will ask you to follow him into a darkened room and step in between a big black machine and a black plate by which he can look at the inside of your chest. When the Doc finds just where that mean ole TB Bug is hiding he takes you back into the operating room and prepares a nice big needle for giving you a Pneumothorax. (Now you are all saying WHAT IN THE HECK IS THAT?????) A Pneumo is the process by which air is forced around the infected lung causing it to collapse for necessary rest. Having had this done (It doesn't hurt anymore than having a blood test made) the nurse will take you back to your room.

## CONVENTION HEAVEN



SAINT LOUIS IN 1957

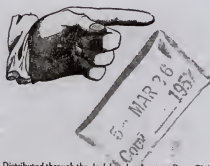


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SHEET



Distributed through the Jack London Amateur Press Club  
& the United Amateur Press Association

#373

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# The Patriot

An amateur journal published by Orella D. Halstead, P. O. Box 5364, Cleveland 1, Ohio, for the NAPA and UAPA.

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Number 10

Cleveland, Ohio

February, 1957

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## The Man of the Hour

Never in the history of the United States has a President had greater power, politically, economically and militarily, than President Eisenhower. Our country is unified in an effort to keep the world at peace. The President's Inaugural Address was totally on this level. Perhaps there are those who would say he purred like a kitten or cooed like a dove to lull the restless world to sleep and peace.

It was an address by a Christian man calling people to the realization of their own worth as individuals respective of leaders. The Inaugural Address should be translated into many tongues so that the common people of all nations might at least think of their human heritage. It took blood, suffering, starvation, and death to lay the foundations of the United States. The world cannot be free so long as the rank and file of mankind permits itself to be betrayed into slavery.

N4827

Gift  
Steve Walls

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# THE PASTIME PRINTER

1374

Number 4 Front Royal, Virginia March 1957



## COMES FULL CYCLE AFTER 51 YEARS IN ECLIPSE

MOVING in an orbit of approximately 102 years, Clarendon typeface - in the ascendant in 1851 - entered obscurity about 1902 - again emerged in 1953.

THIS typediculous yogi contends that type styles change on a frequency of 17 years, and that the popularity of faces runs in cycles of 17 years or multiples, as 34-51-68, etc. The sole basis for this contention is observation, and no reference is had to astrology, kinetics, or the recurrence frequencies ridden by grasshoppers in Kansas or Utah.

TYPE STYLES change when fashions change - fashions in apparel, furniture, decoration, amusements, behavior. Letterforms in common use reflect trends, but inertia in scattered areas of the broad picture, and the overlapping aspects contributed by personal likes and dislikes of an aging but influential minority, forinst all change, pose some deviational factors that confuse any observer who attempts to pin down a cyclic pattern, even for the past.

THE type called Clarendon was started in England about 1845. It was a protected design for three years only, after which it was copied by every free-loading pirate. By 1851 the Clarendon bandwagon carried 'Egyptian' characters, variously named, that enjoyed an extensive vogue until about 1896, at which time an American named Bertram Goodhue came up with a new basic letterform. When a demi-black version of Goodhue's face, Cheltenham Bold, hit the market in 1902, Clarendon had had it - until 1953.

FN4827

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# The Patriot

An amateur journal published by Orell C. Halstead, P. O.  
Box 1613, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for NAPA & UAPA.

Number 12

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sept., 1957

## Civil Rights



It is becoming ever increasing evident that the people of this free Republic must guard their rights to life and liberty. The Civil Rights Bill sponsored by the Administration, demonstrates the attempt of a sneaking few, whetted lawyers or what-not, to destroy those very rights of trial by jury and freedom of person which the Constitution guarantees.

People living in this generation owe a great debt of gratitude to Senator Richard Russell, Democrat of Georgia, for his courageous exposition of the Civil Rights Act. As he says they can begin now to build concentration camps for the white people in certain sections of the country, for they will not accept the denial of their personal, social and political rights. If this bill went into effect as originally drawn, the Attorney General would have exclusive jurisdiction over the lives and liberties of all American white citizens. He could have any number of secret police spy on them. The federal government could, upon the bill's adoption, order railroads to set aside box cars for the transportation of the white population to some remote Siberia. We are not sure whether the new dictators would choose Alaska or the snow covered wilds of Antarctica.

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# THE PASTIME PRINTER

Number 4      Front Royal, Virginia      March 1957



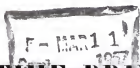
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# THE PASTIME PRINTER

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Number 4 Front Royal, Virginia March 1957

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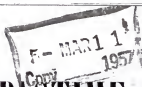
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# The Pastime Printer

Number Six

FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA

September 1987

## The First Type Used in England

WILLIAM CAXTON, in the year 1474, published **III** *The Game of the Chesse*, a book translated out of the French, "fynysshid the last day of Marche." This folio volume, the first printing done in England, was produced from movable type that was engraved by hand, each letter's image cut on a sliver of metal that had been cast to receive it. The metal used was probably pewter, an alloy of tin and lead, for at that time the use of antimony as a fusible hardening agent was undiscovered.

That, in short, was what Vincent Figgins said in his remarks about his 1855 reprint of Caxton's book. Mr. Figgins, a London typefounder, cut the punches and cast type resembling Caxton's with which to make a reprint edition that was sold to raise money for the Printers' Almshouses at Wood Green, Tottenham.

A few years afterward, in 1861, William Blades issued the first volume of *The Life and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer*. The author, in a revised edition of his work dated 1882, disparaged the Figgins assertion that Caxton used engraved instead of typecast letters.



5 - OCT - 1  
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5 - DEC 1  
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Number 7

# The Pastime Printer

FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA, DECEMBER 1957



GREETINGS FROM SKYLINE BEND

Nearly two thousand years ago, on the first Christmas Eve, the Star of Bethlehem gleamed as the symbol of the most sublime event in history. Watching and waiting that night those Three Wise Men had Faith in their hearts, Faith serene and invincible. Every worthwhile human achievement has been in some measure based upon Faith. The professional man, the captain of finance and industry, the artist, the craftsman at his task, all need Faith to carry on. The true spirit of Christmas is evidenced best by expression of Faith in our fellowmen and in worthwhile things.

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# PRESIDENTIAL PARAGRAPHS

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5 - SEP - 3  
City 1957  
August 4, 1957.

Greetings to all U.A.P.A. members:

Because I am scheduled to check into the hospital for major surgery in less than three hours from now, this initial presidential message will have to be very brief. I will just have enough time to set this page of type, print this news letter, and then get going; so please forgive my brevity. Okey?

For the next two weeks you may address me at the  
BLANCHARD VALLEY HOSPITAL,  
FINDLAY, OHIO.



Now, let me thank you for your vote of confidence in electing me again to the office of president. In 1951-2 I did my best to serve in this capacity despite partial, and almost total, blindness. Thanks to a kind Providence, a skilled physician, and modern surgery, I again have perfect vision. So, in humble gratitude, I promise to do everything within my of fice and powers to make 1957-58 one of the most pleasant and memorable years in the history of American Amateur Journalism. Will YOU work with me toward this desirable goal?

Forgetting the frustrations and failings of the past, let us press together in unity and press forward to new and more glorious attainments. Are you with me for this?



The annual convention just closed in Milwaukee was a delightful session, where we renewed former friendships and launched new ones. Needless to say: we did miss you, and You, and YOU. Why not begin planning and saving NOW for the convention in Chicago next summer? You'll not regret it... ever! And now it is time for me to sign off!

Presidentially yours,

Wm. Wallace Eftis.

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# PRESIDENTIAL PARAGRAPHS

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5 - OCT 22  
September 1, 1957  
1957

Greetings to all U.A.P.A. members:

First of all, I want to take this opportunity for greeting and welcoming all new members into our association of amateur journalists. This is my eighth year of fellowship, and I wish for each of you the same joys and blessings as have been mine.

The term "amateur" is derived from the Latin word "amator" (meaning lover). Thus, according to Webster, an "amateur" is one who chooses an art or study for the sheer love of it; and who, though not ranked as a professional, may, nevertheless, be an expert and accomplished in his field. Many of the most important discoveries in the field of astronomy, for example, have been made by amateur scientists. So never cringe from being termed an "amateur." Be proud of the term, and what is more important, cause that title to be proud of you.

The U.A.P.A. is NOT an organization for the promulgation of religious doctrine or racial prejudices, nor is it a medium for argument over political issues or personal animosities. Such are of little value anywhere; but they most certainly have no place in such an organization for "lovers" of journalism. In all of our pursuits, we should remember that we are NOT professional "lobbyists", but "lovers" of literature. NOTHING MORE! NOTHING LESS!

## PERSONALLY SPEAKING:

As this goes to press, your president is slowly convalescing from the multiple surgeries of less than a month ago. Strength is slowly returning, and pain is departing with the same gait. Therefore, this document must once again consist of one page. I beg your charitable indulgence and enthusiastic cooperation during the wearisome weeks ahead. I am too ignorant to know how to spell "SUCCESS" without "U"!

Presidentially yours,

Wm. Wallace Ellis.

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5-APR-48

#385

# THE PASTIME PRINTER

March 1958

Number 8



## What is a Printer . . . ?

### A printer is a tradesman and an artist

He is a tradesman because he works in blue jeans and gets his hands dirty on the job. He is an artist because the printed page which is his finished product is indeed a thing of beauty and a work of art

### A printer uses types as an artist uses pigments

Bodoni, Clarendon, Garamond, Mistral, Spartan - the printer knows them all, and how to combine them into an eye-pleasing whole, as the artist combines colors. Few printers have what is known as "higher education," but they all seem to have academic knowledge. Like master grammarians, they know how to break a long and difficult word at the end of a line, whether to place quotation marks inside or outside of a period, and how to phrase a wedding invitation correctly

### No one thinks of printers as mathematicians

But they can calculate and measure spacing down to the minutest fraction of an inch, in order that a page may have perfect symmetry and balance

### Printers are men of pride

Some men who work with their hands have a deprecatory attitude toward their trades and longingly wish for more exalted jobs

### Printers envy no man

You never met one yet who wasn't proud to say

. . . "I am a Printer!"

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J - 894 .P  
#386

# THE PASTIME PRINTER

March 1958

Number 8



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# PRESIDENTIAL PARAGRAPHS



#1357

U.A.P.A. 27

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Greetings to all U.A.P.A. members:

April 1, 1958.

All of us have heard of blood types, blood banks, and blood transfusions. It seems quite possible that organizations, as well as individuals, may at times become anemic and in need of "new blood" in order to survive.

Personally, many of us are convinced that our organization is critically in need of just such a blood transfusion.

In recent years we have lost many very active writers and editors through death; and the ever-thinning ranks have not been replenished with equally-active new recruits. Other ardent workers still within our ranks are growing old and too infirm to bear their heavy responsibilities much longer. It is only a matter of time until they, too, will cease to answer the roll call. We NEED a blood transfusion, and we need it NOW! Otherwise our organization will die along with our dying members!

Let us not deceive ourselves! Who produces most of the bundle papers at the present time? What will happen to us when those devoted hands are stilled? We must have new members, for replacements; and we must have them NOW!

Therefore, I am offering a valuable prize to the member who enlists the largest number of new members between April 1st. and July 1st of this year. But remember... it must be the proper "type" of blood for a successful transfusion!

## CONVENTION DATES

Have tentatively been set for July 9-13. The hotel in Chicago will be announced soon. If YOU have constructive suggestions to better a convention: attend, and prove it! Need more be said?

Presidentially yours,

Wm. Wallace Ellis.



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PRESIDENTIAL PARAGRAPHS

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5 - JUN - 4

1958

May 1, 1958.

Greetings to all U.A.P.A. members:

The Laureate Recorder advises me that only one member has written to offer anything for the Laureate Contest. Are we to conclude that our entire membership of over 300 is dead on its feet? Should we just have a funeral service at the forth-coming convention; and publicly announce that the U.A.P.A. is dead and henceforth buried? For three years there have been no Laureate Awards. Are YOU content to have it so? If not, wake up; and prove YOU are still alive! It is no honor to be president of a corpse!

#### CONVENTION DATES

Because both the Lions and the Shriners are holding their national conventions in Chicago during the month of July, we have been forced to change our convention dates to the last part of that month; therefore please note that we will meet in Chicago on July 23-27, and make your plans accordingly.

As this goes to press, we have not been apprised of the hotel where we shall meet; so watch carefully for an early announcement of the place.

Paul E. Pross, Jr., of Chicago is heading the convention and entertainment committee; so we are assured of an outstanding program of events, outings, and excursions to see and wonder. We are also grateful for those who are freely volunteering their cars to take delegates on the sight-seeing tours. Such unsolicited offers are gratifying and appreciated. Who else will volunteer? Advise Paul Pross at once that you are willing to help, and in what capacity. Don't wait to be drafted; enlist!

#### WHAT IS PLAGIARISM?

It is copying another's writing, and presenting it as your own.

Presidentially yours,

Wm. Wallace Ellis

#389

## PRESIDENTIAL PARAGRAPHS



5 - JUL 21

June 1, 1958.

Greetings to all U.A.P.A. members:

Just what one must do to gain a helpful co-operation from our membership is something which seems to evade me entirely.

In the March issue of "Presidential Paragraphs" I proposed a large snapshot album for display at the convention next month; and invited each member to send me a recent snapshot.

Three (3) months have now passed, and to date just five valiant souls have met the challenge to let their faces be seen in public. Only one officer has responded, and not a member in the home city (Milwaukee) has complied with our request.

Frankly, the most charitable conclusions which come to mind are that either the membership is faceless, indolent, illiterate, or wholly disinterested! Which shall we accept?

Since this special paper is published each month at our own expense and labor, plus extra postage; and since it does not seem to be read at all, this is the last issue which will ever appear. Nothing succeeds like success; but there is no incentive from failure due to lethargy on the part of others!

Just ask yourself (answering honestly):

"What kind of a club would this club be.

If every member were just like me?"



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Workers earn it, Spendthrifts burn it;  
Bankers lend it, Women spend it;  
Forgers fake it, Taxes take it;  
Thrifty save it, Misers crave it;  
Robbers seize it, Skin-flints squeeze it;  
Gamblers lose it...

I could use it!

(How about you?)

-Anon.

Presidentially yours,

Wm. Wallace Ellis

X-PN 4827  
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AUG 12 1959



# The Pastime Printer

Number 11 / July 1959

## More than "Just Another Script"

SOMEbody sticks his neck out, as the saying goes, every time a new "face" of type is originated. It won't be so much longer, for type on photographic film can now be used when a new design is to be "tried out on the dog," thus avoiding the tremendous expense of pattern drawings, engraved patterns or punches, the making and fitting of metal matrices in many point-body sizes, just to find out whether or not a new face is going to "click" with the little printer under the stairs, the one who buys more foundry type than any other.

In his capacity as type merchandising manager, Steve Watts accepted responsibility for making REPRO SCRIPT, the type used for headlines on this page, which was introduced by American Type Founders in 1954. The designer, Jerry Mullen, worked with us to come up with a condensed, colorful, joining script letter, shorn of projecting kerns and disturbing curlicues. We envisioned a cursive that would serve as a foil for the recurrently popular News Gothic Condensed, about the same "color" and having tall "x-height" in the lowercase. The lowercase "o" gave us a bad time. That letter was at first a "joiner" on both sides, which worked swell in the middle of a word but looked like an "a" at the end of a word. A running script requires a common connecting point or position, which allows little leeway for juggling. So the terminal stroke is now missing on the "o." That is where the scribe lifted his pen to sigh or to ponder about proper spelling.

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#391  
OCT 1 1959



# PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS



August 1959

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The first thing that I wish to do in this initial issue of PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS is to express my personal appreciation for the confidence that UAPA has shown in me by your electing me to the highest office at your disposal in UAPA. Thanks, one and all. I hope that August of 1960 will not find that this confidence has been misplaced or abused but rather merited. Time and your aid will give the answer.

P - P

After an enjoyable Convention in Youngstown it is hard to settle down to work. But, with a sigh, I will try and in the meantime look forward to the 1960, 65th Anniversary Convention in Ocean City, N.J.

This year why not use the slogan Build for UAPA's 65th - 1960! on all our correspondence, in our papers, maybe even in some of the material from old-timers? If we would do this, I believe it would aid in making UAPA members more conversant with everything that the group has stood for.

P - P

Before I go farther, I would like to give you my personal objectives in UAPA during the coming year:

1. To average at least one paper of my own in every UAPA Bundle. Some printed, some mimeographed - maybe, even a photo-offset or multigraphed one!
2. To write a friendly letter to every UAPA member at least once during the year.
3. To write a personal letter to each new member.

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# PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS for



September 1959

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Thanks one and all for that inaugural August Bundle. 22 papers (23 if we count the folder on Ocean City from Mr. Nicholson) places this UAPA Bundle back on the level where it should be. Will you help the others keep it on this level?

P - P

More particularly, in regard to the August Bundle, we wish to comment on three papers.

The Youngstown 1959 UAPA Convention heard quite a discussion on the lack of printed papers in United Bundles. Then the August Bundle appears and three new papers with it. Thanks, M. L. Branch, Virgil Lafuse and William F. Nelson.

RANDOM by M. L. Branch is our favorite size of a printed publication. We hope that you'll favor us with more of this size and style of material.

THE SCRIBBLER by Virgil Lafuse is both the type of publication and the type of material that we would like to see appearing more often in the Bundle. (Look up some of our comments in UAPA COMMENTS of the past year!) We just hope that Mr. Lafuse will keep it coming.

COLONIAN reminds me of William F. Nelson's SORTS which appeared in the APA Bundle. We are sorry that you members didn't get to see it, too, because we are certain that you would have enjoyed it. Why don't you consider circulating both in UAPA Bundles, Mr. Nelson?

We can't leave printed papers without mentioning William F. Ellis's ELLISONIAN ECHOES which though produced by the Multigraph process many regard as

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#393



## PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS

for October

1959

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By this time you have all seen HOPEWELL LEAVES, Volume 9, Number 1, for January 1960. We hope you have examined it (And, used it!). This is the first Membership Application Blank that has been included in a UAPA Bundle for some time.

I'm just conceited enough to believe that it is about the nicest Application Blank that amateur journalism has seen. If I'm wrong, I certainly wasted a lot of time on it. (This is intended as the first of a series - I hope - of four Application Blanks that will appear in UAPA Bundles this year in preparation for our 65th Anniversary celebration in 1960!)

Anyhow, this is the first Application Blank with four colors and black both inside (Yellow, Orange, Purple and Green) and out (Red, Brown, Blue and Green) for a grand total of seven (Red, Brown, Blue, Yellow, Orange, Purple and Green) colors and black! Any member who is not a printer may not understand the makeready and time the various runs consumed. But, we enjoyed every minute of it!

Now, will you make our enjoyment more complete, and share in it, by using this blank to secure a new member - preferably one near you?

Good, prospective, interested, working members for UAPA are everywhere around you - in your own particular community! I know, from experience, that a nearby member can double your enjoyment of the hobby, two can triple it, three quadruple it, etc.

#374

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## PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS

*for November 1959*

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PRESIDENTIAL CITATIONS were created to be used to reward members for outstanding bits of service to amateur journalism and UAPA that would otherwise go unrecognized and unrewarded. This, of course, leaves a wide area to be covered by one person's judgment. However, over the space of several years and several different administrations, I believe that everything will be leveled off and everyone rewarded for the work they do to promote either amateur journalism or UAPA.

Our third citation goes to a comparatively new member who has presented a new (No one else ever told me they used it!) idea as to how every UAPA member can encourage publishing and the publisher. (Without them we would have NO Bundle. Doesn't this mean we should encourage them?) Let me tell it in her own words:

"I pick out one paper every morning, as long as the Bundle lasts, and write to the publisher." (If we get more than thirty pieces in the Bundle, what will you do?)

I'm looking forward to receiving a letter from this lady about my paper. A paper a day....she sounds as though she is doing a thorough job as an ordinary member and one which all other members might well try to emulate. (How do I know they aren't? Simple! I and my publishing friends who have quit publishing for lack of even acknowledgement - let alone appreciation, simply haven't received the letters!)



5 - JAN - 6

COPY

1959



# PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS for December 1959

Who said amateur journalism was moribund?  
Who wrote that UAPA might as well inter itself  
because nothing new, advanced, or improved ever came  
from it?

Who said that recent postal rate increases would  
bankrupt UAPA?

Whoever did should have these adjectives applied  
to themselves!

As I have frequently written in THE BOYS HERALD  
- Let us look at the record!

P - P

First, we have Paul Pross' PRESIDENTIAL CITATIONS  
that we have mentioned in every issue of PRESIDENTIAL  
POINTERS and which we are continuing!

We believe, as we have stated previously, that  
here is one of the best ideas a day ever saw. What  
other club has anything approaching it?

P - P

Now, comes another idea that I believe to be  
the best I've seen in organized a day since I "joined  
up" in 1951. Because I'm lifting this idea out of  
context, I'm not going to mention the UAPA member that  
that is responsible for it. If they wish to reveal  
their identity that is up to them. However, this  
member writes:

"For welcoming new members (Ed. note - why not  
"recreate interest in old members.") it would be a  
good idea to have 5 or 6 older members write a wel-  
come letter, following a pattern of definite offers  
or suggestions of help in getting started on their  
chosen hobby.

"One member could develop the idea of the eas-

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11716

# The Printed Word

No. 3

1959

5 - JAN - 4

GOV

1959

FOR THE  
HOBBY PRINTER  
AMATEUR PRINTER  
SMALL PRINT SHOP

Published By

PAUL C. BENN

2971 S. Clement Ave.

Milwaukee 7, Wis.

PROPERTY OF THE  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

## UAPA COMMENTS JULY

1959

from the "agreeable" Editor - Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut Street,  
Struthers, Ohio

Bolume V, Number 10

Whole Number 22

If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or - ODDS AND ENDS, now! Much later we MAY throw these columns open to your views. However, for now -

WELL, FINALLY WE ARE FINISHED WITH OUR SERIES ON LAUREATES:

We do not know how well it has been received because, frankly, the response has not been much! (Especially when we think of the importance of this subject to amateur journalism in general and UAPA in particular.) Either in personal letters or comments in the BUNDLE! So, maybe the subject of this issue of COMMENTS will be quite apropos.

Before we start on another series of articles we are going to pause and let someone else write a portion of an issue of UAPA COMMENTS.

LAST NOVEMBER, 1958, ONE OF THE MEMBERS WROTE ME IN REGARD to permitting their membership to lapse when it expired. I thought five paragraphs from their fine letter would bear repeating. I am going to quote directly because I feel that none of you will recognize the person from these paragraphs - especially if I make a few deletions.

"Now it is this lack of feeling for craftsmanship and not the mere lack of equipment, that I feel so strongly in the mimeo papers. It is not that ..... 's paper and ..... 's paper are so badly mimeographed - it is that these people think they are good.....

"It is this attitude that I decry.

"Can I get pleasure out of amateur printing as a hobby without belonging to the various ajay organizations?

"Yes, indeed. These organizations are a waste of time. There is a much better use for the time and effort and paper. And that is the Private Press movement. we have formed such a club here in ..... - limited to just 15 members, every one a skilled printer, and designer and a man of sufficient taste and education to know good from bad. Many of them have children, but the club is not for the children, it is for the parents. And this is as it should be.

"..... is starting a similar group in Connecticut. He has come around to feeling the same way as I do. There is still another such group in California and this movement, I think, will grow - leaving ajay to the children and the housewife-poets. Where it belongs, along with their Pollyanna philosophy."

WOW, AND DOUBLE, WOW! IS THIS AN INDICTMENT, OR IS IT AN INDICTMENT?

Frankly, I'm wondering if we in UAPA do not deserve it! Let us take the time and look at this indictment..... point by point as it were!

I had a written a letter trying to get this person to stay in organized ajay and had asked him to aid with some of the younger members, the so-called mimeosloppers, etc., in getting them more interested and improving their product.

AUG 28

#378

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## \* U A P A C C M M E N T S \*

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from the Save the Laureate Program Editor - Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut  
Street, Struthers, Ohio  
Volume V, Number 11 August 1959 Whole Number 23

If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or - ODDS AND ENDS, now! Much later we MAY throw these columns open to your views. However, for now -

BACK IN JUNE, WE THOUGHT WE WERE FINISHED WITH THIS TITLE. HOWEVER, no one has come forward to assume it and we have a few spare moments before we get too involved in our semi-professional FLOWER LOVERS GUILD. So, here is Number 23. we don't know if we'll make it 24 or not.

If there is ANYONE who would like to continue this title, as their own, with a Volume VI, let me know. We're willing to "turn it over" to you so that it will be continued while we have more time to devote to our other titles. And, we feel certain that you can make a record with it as Marion Snyder has made with our former BUCKEYE AMATEUR, that we mailed privately.

WE FINALLY RECEIVED SOME COMMENTS ON OUR LAUREATE PROGRAM AND BECAUSE of their quality we wish to pass them along to you.

The first is from a UAPA member who says, "I intend to put my comments about your proposal into print and had expected to have at least one issue out by now but haven't had the time....While I don't agree with some of your ideas, I'm glad you're throwing them out at the membership - maybe you'll wake up enough people for something to come of it.

".....if I put them out in printed form, I'll be picking them up for more discussion - I hope."

Thanks, friend. We hope that, by now, we have seen a copy of your comments in the Bundle. This is what we desire. This is what UAPA needs. A public discussion for everyone's benefit of our own Laureate program plus a Utopian one incorporating the ideas and ideals of our members and we WILL really have SOMETHING!

A SECOND CARD WAS SHORT AND SWEET EVEN IF WE INCLUDED THE SENTENCE that we are omitting because it would identify the writer. The remaining sentence read, "I agree, we should have illustrations and cartoons in amateur journalism."

WE HAVE MAILED ABOUT TEN EXTRA COPIES, OF EACH ISSUE, IN PRIVATE letters to various correspondents in other ajay clubs. We always try to get our postage worth by filling first class envelopes with papers of ours that we believe our correspondent might not see otherwise because they belong to another club than the one which that particular paper was mailed.

Anyhow, to get back to the subject, we mail out about ten extra copies (in contrast to the some 350 that appear in the UAPA Bundle) and we've received more comment on these single issues than we have on the whole series that we have mailed in the UAPA Bundle.

## UAPA Comments

October  
1959

#299

from the retiring (Finally! I hope!) editor - Wilfried Myers,  
69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio

Volume VI, Number 1

Whole Number 24

If you wish to reply, by commenting on these lines your self, do it  
in your own paper - or ODDS AND ENDS, now! Much later we MAY throw  
these columns open to your comments. However, for now -----

AS WE HAVE BEEN WRITING, IN UAPA COMMENTS, FOR ABOUT TWO REASONS WE  
hope that someone would assume the title.

1. We felt as President that our style would be "cramped" in  
commenting on UAPA affairs, making suggestions for its betterment,  
etc.

2. We do not believe, as President, we have the time to do justice  
to the title, and its age, now that our semi-professional FLOWERS  
LOVERS GUIDE has appeared.

IT FINALLY LOOKS AS IF A NEW UAPA MEMBER WILL ASSUME THE TITLE OF  
UAPA COMMENTS with our next number. So that the transition may be  
made smoothly and future historians (Again, I hope!) will not become  
confused with the sequence, we wish to present a complete, revised,  
up-to-date listing of our golden numbers of UAPA COMMENTS. (Not  
golden because of our words but because all were published on yellow  
paper! Similarly we are trying to make PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS into  
a patriotic series of red, white and blue numbers in sequence - in  
case you haven't noticed!)

The first 24 issues of UAPA COMMENTS have all been mimeographed,  
8 1/2 x 11, 2 page affairs. Volumes, Numbers and Dates are:

Volume I, Number 1

2	October 1954
3	November 1954
4	December 1954
5	January 1955
6	February 1955
7	March 1955
8	April 1955
9	May 1955
10	June 1955
11	July 1955
12	August 1955
	September 1955

Volume V, Number 1, Whole Number 13

2	October 1955
3	November 1955
4	December 1955
5	January 1959
6	February 1959
7	March 1959
8	April 1959
9	May 1959
10	June 1959
11	July 1959
	August 1959

Volume VI, Number 1, Whole Number 24

October 1959

As I have stated before, and as I'll state again, if I live long  
enough, I wish other UAPA publishers would pause sometime and give  
us a complete listing of their publications. I know we have other

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## U. A. P. A. COMMENTS

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5 -MAR 13  
COPY 1959

FROM THE "Bring the Illustration Back to Amateur Journalism" Editor  
Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio.  
Volume V, Number 5 February 1959 Whole Number 17

If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or ODDS AND ENDS, Now! Much later we MAY throw these columns open to your comments. However, for now -

IN OUR LAST ISSUE WE LOOKED AT THE SIXTEENTH CLASS in our expanded classification of laureates. We started at the end so I believe it would be best to continue from the last to the first - nothing Chinese or backward about me! (Another reason would be because the groups we wish to consider in this issue are something new in the Laureate programs of the American amateur journalistic groups. Doggone, why can't we BE different from the other groups and in advance of the pack instead of always following!)

Our last three classifications were:

13. Original Cartoon.
14. Original Spot Illustrations.
15. Original Illustrations.

In the July, 1958, issue of THE FOSSIL, Jack Coolidge wrote an article on ART IN AMATEUR JOURNALISM, 1938-1958 from which I gathered that he was bewailing the lack of original art and the more widespread use of it.

And, in this, I believe he is right.

SINCE ASSUMING THE PUBLICATION OF THE BOYS HERALD IN JANUARY 1958 you might have noticed that we have tried to use many and varied original illustrations. But, our artists received no recognition for their work. For this reason we have been largely limited to artists who illustrated their own work and in this manner could receive recognition. However, this is a very tiny group in our whole hobby field.

Without recognition of some type - just why or how should we believe that an artist would be encouraged to strive to improve the quality of their art work? Why should they take the time, beyond the urge to create, to do any art work at all?

I know, you are saying, "But illustration is not journalism!" Why isn't it? Would you purchase any of the popular magazines if they were not well illustrated? If you had a choice between two newspapers (one well illustrated and the other set in 8 point solid type) would you choose the unillustrated one? Don't kid us, look at the circulation of LIFE in contrast with the failures of other magazines less poorly illustrated or not illustrated at all. (Just what is the circulation of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY?)

UAPA BUNDLES ARE TOO HEAVY ON MIMEOGRAPHIN....A FLAW WHICH MANY resignees and former members are quick to "point out" in personal correspondence although it seems to have been ignored in our own papers. (But, that is the subject for future comment!) Now, we are thinking of illustrating!

Maybe this is a flaw and maybe, again, it is not! Why not turn



P  
5 -MAR 13

Copy 1959

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## U. A. P. A. - C O M M E N T S

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FROM THE "Bring the Illustration Back to Amateur Journalism" Editor  
 Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio.  
 Volume V, Number 5 February 1959 Whole Number 17

If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or ODDS AND ENDS, Now! Much later we MAY throw these columns open to your comments. However, for now -

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U. A. P. A. COMMENTS

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FROM THE UNPOETIC EDITOR - WILFRIED MYERS, 69 Walnut Street,  
Struthers, Ohio

Volume V, Number 7 April 1959 Whole Number 19  
If you wish to reply, or to agree, by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or - ODDS AND ENDS, now! Much later we MAY throw these columns open to your comments. However, for now----

SO FAR IN VOLUME V, INPROPOSING OUR UTOPIAN LAUREATE SYSTEM,  
we have used these topics:

- November 1958 - Universality...everything in every Bundle by  
Every UAPA member must be considered.
- December 1958 - Two main divisions separating printing from  
duplicating for fairer, more equitable judging.
- January 1959 - -16 divisions under each of the two main classifications with one of these a Best of the Year award  
for the best work by a UAPA member.
- February 1959 - Original cartoon, original spot illustrations  
and original illustrations divisions to encourage more and  
better illustrative material in our UAPA papers.
- March 1959 - Editorial and essay laureate awards to encourage  
more of this style of writing to provide a better balanced  
Bundle.

WE HAVE RECEIVED TWO WHOLE LETTERS IN REGARD TO OUR SIX PAST ISSUES OF Volume V. Two out of the whole UAPA membership. Doesn't our Laureate program concern you? Or, are you merely a reader of the Bundles not participant in all phases of UAPA?

However, we didn't start this section to give a sermon. Both letters, as might be easily imagined, were from active and publishing members. The inactive ones, evidently, remain as readers until something is suggested as placing UAPA on a more secure and stable financial basis by raising the dues.

Our most recent letter was in support of our idea of awards for original illustrations. Why don't some of you, who evidently favor this idea, develop it in an article of your own in ODDS AND ENDS? See our issues of January and February if you wish to refresh yourself as to what we said. An illustrater can speak with more authority than we can!

NOW, ON TO THE FOUR DIVISIONS THAT WE WISH TO DISCUSS THIS MONTH! Our fifth and sixth divisions were in regard to fiction. Because of the different techniques, skills, etc., necessary in various types of fiction we divided it into:

1. Fiction to 500 words, and
2. Fiction over 500 words.

According to WORDS THE NEW DICTIONARY, fiction is: 1. Imaginative prose literature, especially novels. 2. Anything imagined or feigned. This definition, you will notice, places certain definite limits in this category. Fiction to 500 words would be the most commonly used divisions in the UAPA brand of amateur journalism because of certain actual space limitations.

# UAPA COMMENTS

from the retiring and tired editor - Wilfried Myers  
69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio

Volume V, Number 9

Whole Number 21

AFTER OUR WILFRIED MYERS COMMENTS, NUMBER 5 FOR JANUARY 1959 APPEARED in the April Bundle, someone wrote and called our attention to the discrepancy in UAPA COMMENTS where I only claimed 14 issues but yet Number 19 was in the April Bundle. Further, they wrote: "Why don't you give us a listing of all you have published from the most issues to the least and tell us what has appeared in the UAPA Bundles."

So, we shall try to oblige:

HOPEJELL LEAVES	68	THE AMALGAMATED COMMENTATOR	4
THE BOYS HERALD	47	AMATEURIA	4
UAPA COMMENTS	21*	NAPA COMMENTATOR	3
BUCKEYE AMATEUR	14	UAPA DIRECTOR'S FORUM	5
FOR THE UAPAA OFFICIAL	12	UAPAA REKROOTER	3
PRESIDENTIAL GAVEL	12	AMEX	2
UAPAA PUBLISHING	12	FAPA NEWSLETTER	2
AMERICAN COMMENTATOR	11	MAPLE LEAF JOURNALIST	2
UAPAA COMMENTATOR	11	PHILATELIC CHATTER	2
SNOOZE	9	POCANOOSE	2
GIRLDOM	8	MYERS' MESSENGER	1
WILFRIED MYERS COMMENTS	7*	MUSE	1
FAPA SNOOZE	6	PHANTASY POETRY	1
UAPA UNITED AMATEUR	6*	UAPAA POST	1

Total 275

From January (247) to now we have published some 28 papers of various titles.

Of the group above, the three \*'ed appeared only in UAPA Bundles. UAPA, also, saw about 75% of THE BOYS HERALD; 7 issues of BUCKEYE AMATEUR to Ohio UAPA members; 2 issues of GIRLDOM; 12 and maybe 14 issues of HOPEJELL LEAVES. It can be seen from the titles and this paragraph why our Ajay friends accuse us of being strictly UNITED in regard to amateur journalism.

If you remember, when we started Volume V of UAPA COMMENTS, we stated we hoped to have the time to continue publication. Now, we find we do not have the time. (This is one of the reasons we are turning the remainder of this issue over to Mrs. Fields to use for the Youngstown Convention.) Also, we have found that the members do not seem to be interested in the subjects on which we have been commenting.

Frankly, we feel there is a need for a paper like this in the Bundle. We would like to see one of the members continue it. If you would like to be the person to issue UAPA COMMENTS, Volume V, Number 10, will you please drop us a line? Maybe you can make the success of this title that Marion Snyder is making of our BUCKEYE AMATEUR which he continued.

\* \* \* \* \*

WELCOME to the U.A.P.A. Convention in Youngstown, Ohio July 23, 24 and 25. We are planning three days of fun, food and serious business. Make your own hotel reservations but let me know if you are coming and when. We have varied tours and entertainment for you. Come prepared to show off a little too. I hope to see you!

Eileen G. Fields

4404  
Vol. XXIV - No. 11  
JANUARY - FEBRUARY - MARCH, 1960

UAPA PUBLICATION



MAY 2 1960

X-PN4827  
.P



D'EDQUARD FREEMAN

P. O. Box 295

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

*Dedicated to those who  
have made the world better  
and more beautiful  
because they have lived in it.*

#405

X-67927

JUL 22 1960  
Vol. XXIV - No. 3

APRIL - MAY - JUNE, 1960

UAPA PUBLICATION



D'EDQUARD FREEMAN  
P. O. Box 295  
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

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X-PN4827  
P  
#406  
SEP - 9  
Copy 1960

# THE PENDULUM

of Time and the Arts ... July-Aug. 1960-Vol. IV-No. 30  
Supplement for the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

L I F E I N I N D I A by Edwin L. Brooks

## BEGGING, INDIA'S BIGGEST OCCUPATION

**B**egging in India is a well organized calling and is even listed as such in the census report. There are big "Bosses" in the trade and their best recruiting season is during famines, floods and other such calamities when they and their agents go out to the villages, buy up destituted children and later bring them up as beggars, even deforming them so as to increase their money-getting power.

The institute of begging is much older than any known occupation, -as old as civilization. It is more democratically organized like the guild of old and is held together by a strict code of behaviors. There are morals among the beggars as among thieves and the price of transgression is banishment from the community.

Each colony has a headman called Chowdury, who is assisted in his administrative work by a council of five. The boldest and the most efficient naturally belong to the council of elders and from their judgment there is no equal. Next in the organization is the community's shopkeeper who also acts as its accountant and clearing house for ill-gotten property, taking 12% as his share but spending a fourth of it to buy immunity from the limb of the law at the street corner. The beggars move singly or in groups in clearly assigned territory. Poaching is an offense that brings forth punishment from the headman. Sometimes banishment from the group. It is a closely knit well-governed group.

The beggar problem is made more complex in India by the existence of a number of religious medicants both among the Hindus and Moslems.

## POETRY BROADSIDE

55 DEC 8 1960

Volume I, Number 5

November, 1960

## FRAGMENTS OF DARKNESS: 1950

by Robert H. Woodward

## I

## THE TEXT OF CIRCUMSTANCES: A DREAMED POEM

Enter Chorus

If ever hope and share have met your glance  
When in some distant, darksome vale you  
stood

At midnight, when the world was lost to  
sleep;

And brought to you a feeling far withdrawn  
From feelings that are common here to men--  
Some vague emotion cast in mystery  
And pregnant with the sense of sublime  
power;

If on a crowded street you oft have stopped  
And sensed a moment seen eternally,  
And then passed on refreshed with thought  
secure

That you have heard an answer to the quest;  
If noise, and action, and the discord sounds  
Of life torn at the fibers of your nerves  
In awful harrow until your mind  
Has seemed to sever the last cord which ties  
It to the run of common man; and if  
The peace the darkness brings inspires you  
to

A kind of reverie but a poet knows,  
Then listen to the sounds we here convey,  
And circumstances permitting, place yourself  
Into the poet's place: for he is one  
Who could be one or all of us in season  
But chances at that his part could not be  
played

By you, then let you judge him thus:  
suppose

He is your friend, or lover, even mate,  
And let you, though this intangible life

## II

What precious waste is sleep--to while away  
The hours of darkness in forgetfulness--  
The hours of bright creation--when the  
world's asleep--

And sight comes clear into a cloudy brain,  
Confused and crowded with dry earthly  
thoughts,

And free at last to intermingle with  
The silent hours, the peaceful hours, the  
hours  
When nature speaks her noble thoughts to  
men.

## III

If words and inspiration would permit,  
The poet would, in quiet of the night,  
Sing forth the verses of immortal song.

But words are fretful, impish things  
Which oft elude the course of memory.

## IV

Gravel phantom of the night,  
Then hast wreaked a vengeance worse than  
death.

## V

The years have scarcely couched on them-  
selves  
Since as a child I dreamed the hours away--

Time has a way of passing, doubling back,  
That years become confused and indistinct.  
And memory, coursing through a distant  
track,  
Will bind together what was never linked.

When thoughts forbid my entry into sleep,  
And midnight hours pass fretfully away--

## VI

It is a quiet evening, hushed, serene;  
The sighs of nature softly sound outside  
Through whispering trees.

The cloak of passing death has brushed my  
soul  
And left is withered, lifeless, cold.

Edited and published by Dr. Robert H.  
Woodward, 1535 Willowgate Drive, San  
Jose 24, California, for the United  
Amateur Press Association.

#408 X-P/N4827  
POETRY BROADSIDE

Volume 1, Number 2

December, 1960

CHRIST AND ST. NICHOLAS

by Robert H. Woodward

It is a pale-tide cliché that there should be more Christ in Christmas. Perhaps Clement Clarke Moore had that idea in mind when he wrote his famous "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (1822), for the phrase probably originated long before our time; but what is certain is that there is more of Christ in Moore's poem than meets the casual eye. In an article entitled "Moore's St. Nick: Model and Metaphor," published last winter in the New York Folklore Quarterly, I attempted to show that the opening situation of Mr. Moore's poem was very likely influenced by the poet's memory of--or at least knowledge of--the ending of another famous (or infamous) American poem. Michael Wigglesworth's "The Day of Doom" (1659), the Puritan poetic primer of Calvinistic doctrine and description of the day of judgment.

Wigglesworth's poem and Moore's didactic ballad series by depicting the scenery of depraved men, all asleep, on a quiet night, "Serene and bright." Suddenly Christ, the judge of men, appears:

For at midnight brake forth a light,  
Which burn'd the night to day,  
And opened an hideous eye  
did all the world dismay...

They rush from Beds with giddy havis,  
and to their windows run.  
Viewing this light, which shines more  
bright  
upon each the Moon-day Sun.  
Stridaway appears (they see't with  
torn)  
the day of God most dread...

Note how close this situation is to that described in Moore's poem:

... Home in our "Parlors", and I in my  
bed,  
Had just settled our brains for a long  
winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter

I sprang from the bed to see what was the  
matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the  
lash.  
The moon on the breast of the now-fallen  
snow  
 Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects  
 below...

Moore's narrator, of course, sees the elfin St. Nick, whereas Wigglesworth's surprised sinners discover Christ.

One cannot be sure that the parallels are anything more than coincidence, but the details (the noise outside, the jumping from bed and rushing to the window, the noonday light) suggest more than accidental similarity. Furthermore, even though Moore was an Episcopalian, not a Presbyterian or Congregationalist, who would more probably have known the Puritan poem, he had been subjected to a thorough religious education and was interested in theological matters. It is not unlikely that he would have been familiar with Wigglesworth's didactic verses, and certain it is that he who reads "The Day of Doom" will not soon forget it.

WHAT IS NEM?

There have been several inquiries about the meaning of "The Nem Pyre" in the first Poetry Broadside. Nem is the name Aristotle gave to the primordial matter of the universe, and it has recently been adopted by astrophysicists. My poem, in brief span, describes the birth of the physical universe in terms of one of the popular theories. The universe, supposedly, was once all energy, which was changed in part to matter, of unimaginable density, perhaps approaching the size of a nutshell. The ensuing explosion gave birth to the physical universe that we now inhabit. The last line of the poem looks disdainfully upon man's present tinkering with thermonuclear bomb-battering the glass, in other words, upon a cosmic pyre. --Robert H. Woodward

Edited and published by Mr. Robert H. Woodward, 1535 Willowgate Drive, San Jose 24, California, for the UAPA.

#407

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MAR 2 1961

# PARSON TO PERSON

-Facets about Scripture-

March, 1961

No.10

THIS first edition of Parson-to-Person is a step which is taken with mingled feelings. Possibly, to some, the title which I have given this endeavor will seem tired, even trite. However, since I am a minister, maybe it won't seem too far fetched. If I am stealing another's "thunder", I do so in ignorance and beg your forgiveness.

It will be the intended purpose of this publication to make use of a variety of illustrations, anecdotes, and true happenings to point up vital truth in Holy Writ and religious themes. Any contributions you might have will be welcomed by the Parson, Robert Reid, P.O. Box 181, Erin, Tennessee.



#410

X-PN4827

MAR 3 1961 P

Vol. XXV - No. 11

Copy

JAN.-FEB.-MAR. 1961

UAPA PUBLICATION

# THE WHEEL CHAIR

The wheel chair rolls along  
With a big wheel on each side  
One wheel is faith—one wheel is work  
Each wheel has an even stride.

Apply the brakes on faith  
Circles the wheel chair will make.  
Apply the brakes on work, the same  
Circles the wheel chair will take.

From this we learn when brakes are on  
One wheel, the other spins.  
Better release both brakes and pray  
For no wheel alone wins.

So let us roll along  
Like wheels on the wheel chair.  
With even stride, let's roll at length  
With faith and work and prayer.

—D'EDQUARD FREEMAN



D'EDQUARD FREEMAN

P. O. Box 295

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALABAMA

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have made the world better  
and more beautiful  
because they have lived in it.*

#411

X-PN4827

P

Vol. XXV - No. 111

APR.-MAY-JUNE 1961

UAPA PUBLICATION



## MY MOTHER'S ANCHORED SHIP

The Lighthouse stands while waters foam and frost  
Thru the years—Mother, Windswept waves are  
tossed

While breakers on the seashore charge and die  
Beneath long clouds that swept across the sky.  
The hungry sea gulls tip their wings and cry.  
Light of stars shines in your eyes forever.  
Until your ship lowered anchor there never . . .

Occurred to me that chill of wintertime.  
From star-board to the portside most sublime  
You are reality. At birth you gave  
The tissues of my body life. I have  
Fond memories of you as galley-slave.  
Old albatross of absence found its way  
When first your ship lowered anchor in the bay.

—D'EDQUARD FREEMAN



D'EDQUARD FREEMAN

P. O. Box 295

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALABAMA

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26th Shut-in Anniversary

Vol. XXVI - No. I

OCT.-NOV.-DEC. 1961

UAPA-AAPA PUBLICATION



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## THE PENDULUM

MAY 1 6 1961

March  
-April  
1961

of Time and the Arts Vol. IV-No. 34  
Arthur W. Muller, Editor  
79-66 77 Ave., Glendale 27, New York

Supplement for United Amateur  
Press Association

## P A S S I N G B Y

By Kathleen Meade, (New York, N. Y.)

While visiting an office recently, my attention was attracted by a printed card under a glass. It had been placed there as a reminder, and every line had an important meaning. If people would really grasp the significance of these words and try to carry them out, their days ahead would surely be brighter.

What I had read impressed me and prompted me to convey the message to you to the best of my ability.

I searched for the author's name, but none was to be seen. It was anonymous. No one seemed to know who had written it. I thank the unknown author for a glimpse of his work and to let him know it was not written in vain, when I read: --

"It Isn't Easy...

To apologize  
To begin again  
To admit error  
To be unselfish  
To face a sneer  
To be considerate  
To endure success  
To keep on trying  
To profit by mistakes  
To forgive and forget  
To think and then act  
To keep out of the rut  
To make the best of little  
To shoulder deserved blame  
To subdue an ugly temper."



5-JUN 30

COPY 1961

# Harson to Person

Published by

## Rev. Bob Reid



P.O. Box 181, Erin, Tennessee

Volume I

May, 1961

Number 3

### HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR TIME?



An old Irish proverb reads, "Time is so precious that it is dealt out to us only in the smallest possible fractions - a tiny moment at a time."

How often we forget that time is precious; that for most of us time should be budgeted, and its spending planned with the greatest care. We have sixty minutes in every hour, twenty-four hours in every day, three hundred-sixty-five days in every year. (Yep, you are right - leap year does have 366) There is also an indeterminate number of years in every life.

Let's think together for a few minutes about how we use our time. We all have the same amount of time. There are no inequalities like we find in the weekly or monthly pay check. There are days that seem to drag on without end - times when we are sick or troubled; times when we waited for the return of a loved one; times long ago when we waited for Christmas to come or school to be out. There are other days that seem to fly on the wings of our fastest jet planes; filled with happiness and thrilling events; the presence of our dearest loved one; perhaps the waning years of life when the doors of eternity begin to open on the horizon. In spite of this, the truth remains; all of the weeks have the same amount of time in them.

Basic necessities of life take a great deal of time. We all sleep, eat, and care for our bodies. Most of us find that work, sometimes long, hard hours, is a basic necessity. The Christian also views the work that provides spiritual food as a necessity.

It is a real tragedy to see a family so busy making a living that it does not have time to live. No time for family fellowship; everything else is sacrificed on the altar of success; not enough time left to spend with God, to enjoy precious hours together as a family, to visit with friends, to relax. To see people wasting hours away in useless, harmful pursuits is tragic. One has said, "The soul is dyed the color of leisure hours." Some must turn to the tavern or expensive commercial recreation to fill the gap.

Let's all look over the way we spend our time and see if there isn't room for making improvements.

# Harson to Person

Published by

Rev. Bob Reid



P.O. Box 181, Erin, Tennessee

Volume I

June, 1961

Number 4

KNOW YOUR FAMOUS CHRISTIANS (1st in a series)

## JOHN WESLEY



ON THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE, 1703, John Wesley was born at Epworth, England. He was the fifteenth of nineteen children, and came from a long line of preachers. When John was 6, the memorable fire in the rectory occurred, and he was miraculously rescued from a window.

As a child, Wesley was deeply religious, although he didn't entirely understand the way of salvation, he became conscious of being guilty of sins over which he had no victory. At the age of seventeen he entered Oxford University. Unless persons had a religious turn of thought, Wesley was much better pleased to do without their friendship. About this time he began a system of early rising which he continued all through his life. For over 60 years he arose at four o'clock in the morning and spent the early hours in private devotions before God.

John's brother, Charles, the great hymn writer, joined him at Oxford and with John's encouragement became spiritually minded also. It was at this time that the Oxford group came into being, a little society of kindred spirits who sought to promote their spiritual advancement, as well as to be a blessing to others in need of soul help. The name "Methodist" was acquired by the group as a result of the regularity in their lives and study.

Later, John gave up reading and repeating prayers when he came to see that in the Scriptures almost all conversions were instantaneous. It was not long after this that he received Christ as his Personal Saviour. From then on Wesley's preaching was plain and pointed. People were brought face to face with their sinful condition. His life was beginning to revolutionize Eng-

# POETRY BROADSIDE

X-PN4827  
P

Volume 11, Number 2

February, 1961

## PUBLISHING AS A HOBBY: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD

In the interests of the history of amateur journalism, I herewith record a description of all of the amateur publications I have issued to date. It is my wish that other publishers might follow the same practice inasmuch as the ephemeral nature of amateur periodicals and their often irregular publication lead to bibliographical confusion among all collectors and historians.

### I. The Token

1948<sup>1</sup>, double column pages, mimeographed, created "dedicated to the furtherance of poetry of idealism and imagination through the medium of amateur journalism." Vol. I, No. 1, July, 1948, 2 pp. ("Flag" and "Veteran Rising"), Vol. I, No. 2, August, 1948, 2 pp., both issued from 1220 Tanager Avenue, South Bend, Indiana. Vol. I, No. 3, September-October, 1948, 2 pp., with 2-pp. supplement "Meet Your New Vice-President," a biographical sketch of W.H. Knight Jr., Vol. I, No. 4, November-December, 1948, 1 p., both issued from 710 E. Cottage Grove, Bloomington, Indiana. Mimeograph work on Nov. 1-3 by Mrs. Marie Bartz, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on No. 4 by Studio News Friend, Nebraska.

Contributors: Robert A. Bacon, George H. Knight, Jr., Nellie Delanee Petty, Paul E. Fross, Jr., Lavon Russell, W. B. Stever, Robert H. Woodward.

Bound copies with printed cover and photograph of G. H. Knight, Jr., as frontispiece, issued as The Token Folio of Poetry edited by Robert H. Woodward, published by the Knight Publishing Company, Leonardtown, Maryland. Now out of print. Reviewed in Studio News VII (March, 1949), 8; Pamphleteer Monthly, March-April, 1949, p. 17. Listed in Publishers' Weekly, CIV (January 29, 1949), 352.

### 11. Hoosier Comment

1960<sup>2</sup>, single column pages, mimeographed, 2 pp. each. Issued from Box 1462, South

Bend, Indiana. No. 1, August, 1949, not distributed; No. 2, September, 1949; No. 3, November, 1949; No. 4, December, 1949; No. 5, January, 1950; No. 6, February, 1950; No. 7, March, 1950; No. 8, July, 1950; No. 9, August, 1950. Mimeograph work by the publisher. Only contributor other than editor: Edwin L. Brooks.

Bound copies, with mimeographed cover and preface, issued as Collected Hoosier Comments, First Series, 1949 & 1950, edited by Robert H. Woodward. Reviewed in Studio News IX (March, 1951), 7, and Index, IX, 7 (April, 1951), 12. Now out of print.

### 12. Hoosier News-Note

1961<sup>3</sup>, mimeographed by publisher, 1 p., issued from Box 1462, South Bend, Indiana, No. 1, 26 January 1961. Mailed privately to members of the board.

### 13. Poetry Broadside

1961<sup>4</sup>, double column pages. Ditto duplication by publisher, 1 p. each. Issued from present address. Vol. I, 1960: No. 1, Spring; No. 2, Summer; No. 3, September; No. 4, October; No. 5, November; No. 6, December. Vol. II, 1961: No. 1, January; No. 2, February.

### 14. The Mail Promoter

1961<sup>5</sup>, Ditto duplication by publisher, 1 p., issued from present address. No. 2, September, 1960. The first issue, March, 1950, was published for commercial purposes by the Token Publishing Company, Box 1462, South Bend, Indiana.

### 15. Response

1961<sup>6</sup>, Ditto duplication by publisher, 2 p., issued from present address. No. 1, October, 1960. Privately distributed.

--by Robert H. Woodward

Edited and published by Dr. Robert H. Woodward, 1531 Willowgate Drive, San Jose 24, California, for the United States Press Association.

#417

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5-MAY 1 6  
Copy 1961

TO: [illegible]  
FROM: [illegible]  
SUBJECT: [illegible]

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Writers —

HERE IS A NEW ESSAY CONTEST

Conducted by

# THE PENDULUM

MAGAZINE

Write an essay (under 500 words) on your favorite classic author and give reasons for your preference. Use one of the names listed below or choose any other you wish.



SALUTE  
to the  
CLASSICS

Dickens -  
Clemens - -  
Shakespeare -  
Ibsen - - Aurelius -  
Hugo - - Haggard - Shaw  
Aristotle - - Plato -  
Socrates - - Emerson - -  
Hardy - - de Maupassant -  
Dumas - - Bronte - - Poe - -  
Daudet - - Thackeray -  
Stevenson - - Lincoln - -  
Verne - -  
Blackwood - -

CONTEST CLOSSES

APRIL 1st 1962

5  
PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE: Book of Essays, plus 3 yr. subscription to THE PENDULUM magazine.

SECOND PRIZE: 1 yr. membership in UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, plus 2 yr. sub. to THE PENDULUM.

THIRD, FOURTH & FIFTH PRIZES: 2 yr. sub. to THE PENDULUM.

a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with sufficient postage), must be included with all entries for return of unaccepted manuscripts.

Mail entries to the editor: Arthur W. Muller  
79-65 77th Ave.  
Glendale 27, New York

WINNERS will be announced in the May-June 1962 issue of THE PENDULUM magazine

THE PENDULUM is listed in the INTERNATIONAL LITERARY GUIDE . . .

Member of the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

(This is the third in a series of contests)

# PATS. INC.

CO-PUBLISHERS:

Pat Slane  
1405 S. Cincinnati  
Tulsa, 14. Okla.

Pat Harris  
Box 482  
Onida, New York

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

No. 1

May

Vol. 1

Hi Everyone!

For quite a long time now it has been my desire to be able to have my own lil' brainstorm in the "BUNDLE". At last, with the much needed help of my dear friend, Pat Harris, here we are! We want to entertain you at all times, and by all means write us and give us any ideas you might have for improvement. Also, we'll need all types of material, so fill the mail-box for us! (Send copy to me, as I do the stencil-cutting).

'Nuf of my chatter, tho', we do have some good material from some mighty fine people. Thanks!!

Pat Slane

Hello!

Have you ever had to meet a deadline and been at a loss for time? Well, then, you and I already have two things in common: a love for writing and a belief that the day should be 48 hours long. But it's grand to finally be here. Both Pat and I have been anxious to get this Masterpiece (that's questionable), into the "BUNDLES", and we hope to be well-received.

This is YOUR paper. We want all criticisms---good or bad, and copy will be appreciated.

It's time for me to start traveling, -so where'd ya put my hat?

Pat Harris

## BEAUTIFUL SPRING

In Spring my fancy often turns,  
To beauties of outdoors.  
But promptly I'm reminded of  
My duties and my chores.

\* \*

The flies are coming in the house,  
The screens should be in place,  
But first the windows must be

washed

Or we'll be in disgrace.

\* \*

The old car needs a manicure,  
The garden calls to me,  
The collar needs to be nipped up,  
The attic you should see!

\* \*

The garden tools I can't locate,  
The mower's like a hoe,  
Looks like a mess in the garage,  
The lawn I now should mow.

\* \*

(Con't. in next column)

Somebody's borrowed the garden hose,  
The faucets seem to leak,  
My wife says polish all the floors  
What makes the washer squeak?

\* \*

And then there is the bedroom that  
My wife wants me to paint,  
The work that's planned for me this  
Spring

Would surely vex a saint.

\* \*

I wonder if I'll ever live  
To see the joys of Spring,  
The skies of blue, the pretty  
flowers

\* \*

And hear the birdies sing.  
I'll labor on but no man's gold,  
Could make no sacrifice  
Our home of loving tasks because,  
I gladly pay the price  
By Walter Lewis Smith

\*\*\*\*\*

## POSTSCRIPT TO CHATTERBOX

by Irma Reitci

CHATTERBOX copy was turned out in a rush while I visited at Ellisionia. The skipped spaces and uneven line endings are strictly the fault of Bill's typewriter. It was in "cahoots" with Bill and Easter to make me "hurry up"!

Now that I've caught my breath again, my thoughts return to the Kansas City Convention and to the folks I met there. So, instead of waiting until next month to tell you about them, I think I'll tell you a bit about them right now.

The first person that comes to mind is the little lady around whom everything revolved - Belle Booney. As chairman of the Convention, she, more than anyone else, deserves a big THANK YOU for the wonderful time we had in Kansas City. Belle manages to get things done without any hustle or bustle. She is the living definition of LADY, with eyes that see below the surface, and with a smile of understanding for everyone.

Belle's "handmaidens", Minnie Mills Neal, Florence Jones and Alyce Cocks, deserve special Thanks, also.

Minnie is the self-effacing type of gal. She is a hard worker, but likes to stay in the background. Once you have "discovered" Minnie, though, you are eager to know her better. There is a calm serenity about Minnie. A look into her large, dark expressive eyes, brings you the same sense of peace you find beside a shaded stream on a hot Summer day.

Florence is another one of those "tiny" gals. (How I envy these petite creatures!) She has a sparkling, witty kind of personality - in a muted kind of way. (If that makes any sense to you, dear readers!) Anyway, she reminded me of a small bird. One who brings soft, joyous songs to those who pause to listen long enough.

There are so many nice things to say about all the folks we met in Kansas City, that I just know I'll run out of adjectives and superlatives long before I get around to all of them.

Take Alyce Cocks, for instance. You have all read her poetry I'm sure. That fact should make you KNOW Alyce. I met her two years ago, and became one of her "fans" for life. Alice is one of our long stemmed beauties, but to me her greatest charm lies in her throaty voice and her all inclusive friendliness. Fate has not been too kind to Alyce lately-she has had many sorrows - and my hope is that Time will soon erase the sadness from the depths of those beautiful eyes.

I'll get back to the other Kansas City (and vicinity) ladies later, but now I'd like to talk a bit about the "visitors".

POEMS BY MARTHA M. CLARK, 1931 St. Clair Street, Hamilton, Ohio #481

## DEAR POETS

New hope is tugging, tugging at my heart,  
I shall take care of verb tired adjectives,  
I shall not compromise poetic art.  
Though ME is dead.....I hope that I shall live.



Oh, never use the noun some might mistake;  
Wrong tenses. Hold the diction taut but free,  
Though one be dead, don't ever mention "wake",  
Yet wide awake, you might as well be he.

Be spinster - brief of words; precise - the dread  
Automaton of verse. No fragrant rose  
Create of golden faith, and fragile thread  
Of melody, to ease our mundane woes.

Adore the Muse with unswept, singing soul,  
And never will the critics spoil your goal.  
Martha M. Clark

## THE OAK TREE SPEAKS

Here is a sign which reads: "Take curves slowly",  
The road is wet, the winds high, death is swift.  
I am the oak tree; the witness of the lowly  
Souls who never shall know DEATH was a gift.

A shining birthday car, just yesterday,  
Was driven by a youth unaware that he  
Would crash my sturdy fortress on his way  
To heaven, killing four and bruising one!

Still shaken, I adjust my green chapeau.  
My roots are deep in earth, my head held high;  
But I stand still while people come and go.  
I feel so helpless when they crash and die!

And yet, it's not my fault that drivers feel  
That life is only worth the speed they know  
Who reckless cavort be fore the wheel,  
While I stand root-bound awaiting each blow.  
Martha M. Clark

## ACROSS THE YEARS

Across the years one solemn song is heard,  
That punctuates the fantasy of time,  
Like the huge crouching cat that kills the bird,  
Life has its moments of discordant rhyme.

Across the golden years one pool of light  
Redeems the tarnished years wherein we live  
By trickery, each man a craven knight -  
Slowly we learn that giving self we give.  
Martha M. Clark

This editor feels like the man who "dashed to his horse, sprang into the saddle, and galloped off in all directions." There are so many things to say, of so many kinds, pointing in all directions. Can't seem to do more than "dash".

COMMENTS. On the writing in general of papers by us members. There is so much opportunity for individualism, - in form of paper and in expression of ideas. There is need and opportunity to learn tolerance, sympathy, self-control and tact in our responses to others' writings; to compare, observe and find help in each other's papers; to get acquainted with many personalities and far places, and places of special interest.

Edward G. Lind wrote well in March ODDS AND ENDS on what UAPA means to him. He said much in small space, his wording is excellent, and we will do well to note his inspiring thoughts. He is doing his best to make the most of the opportunities found in UAPA writing.

ODDS AND ENDS of March is full of good things, both prose and poetry, with much variety. There were new contributors which means new members. We hail their appearance and bid them "WELCOME!"

I am here to acknowledge the latest biographies in WHO, to rehearse or refer to their details. This may seem like "vain repetitions" but you all know that "Repetition is the father of" - So I bank on it to help us readers to get acquainted with this bunch of new names in March WHO. I shall also refer to the contributions of others in their own papers or in ODDS AND ENDS, - can't touch on all, just a few specials.

Paul Morgan - lives almost "near" to me - from my home in Pasadena, we have driven down or up Normandie Avenue 10216 Los Angeles, so must have passed his domicile. It's a long street, though. He invites us to send him a stamped, self-addressed envelope and he will put it into a copy of his booklet, "I Remember When". I was surprised to see that he writes a column in rather a disreputable sounding news sheet entitled "Brewery Gulch Gazette". But its bark is worse than its bite and is published in Bisbee, Arizona. It has a tang of the "old wild west". But it is really quite an interesting paper filled with intelligent, clever, informative reading. Ed Lind sent me two copies of it. Paul belongs to our "Shut-in-Fraternity" and he feeds on friendly letters!

It is rather surprising, at this time, to see that Henry Freking of Quakertown, Pennsylvania is publisher of "65 Magazine" for I had just received a sample copy of it. It is an interesting publication for all who have passed the "magic milestone" of 65. I saw in it contributions from several UAPA well known members. The Club he organized by that same name does fine, practical work for the elders there, with needs.

Margaret Driscoll, New Hampshire, a widow with one lone chick, a son. "Has tried poetry but not too proud of it", not retired too long, so has not discovered hobbies, however, is interested in people, travel, devoted to dogs, birds, and likes all animals. Once



from the editor's easy chair by Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio, U. S. A.

If you wish to reply, or to agree by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or - ODDS AND ENDS, now! Later we may throw these columns open to your comments. But, for now --

In the matter of Convention Cities I believe that UAPA has enjoyed a better record than any other ajay organization. However, even this record can be improved in several respects. It is to suggest these improvements to our members that we are presenting an entirely different style of paper this month. Entirely different even to a typed heading and with an illustration in the middle of our "copy".

Before we get into the "body" of our idea, however, let us look at the latest eight Convention cities:

- 1948 - Milwaukee, Wisconsin
- 1949 - New York City, New York
- 1950 - Milwaukee, Wisconsin
- 1951 - Boston, Massachusetts
- 1952 - Los Angeles, California
- 1953 - Milwaukee, Wisconsin (Do we impose on

our group there when no place else will work to entertain a convention? Three times out of eight must be something of a record!)

1954 - Kansas City, Missouri

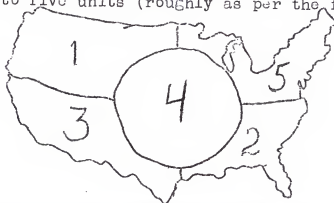
1955 - Chicago, Illinois

According to this table it will be Milwaukee's turn again next year! But, let us stop and do something! Thinking for the good of ajay and UAPA!

In choosing our Convention site I believe we are losing the benefit of one of the best recruiting devices at our disposal. Other hobbies, such as stamp collecting and coin collecting, hold an exhibition in connection with their Conventions. Many times they hold other activities to which outsiders are welcomed with a great deal of fanfare and wide open arms. Why couldn't we do this with our UAPA Conventions and use them as still another means of Recruiting?

You will notice, from our list of Convention Cities, that we have ignored approximately 2/5 of the United States. (This is better than one of our sister groups - but is it good enough? Sure, we've held them where our membership is concentrated - but, does a good salesman go where his product is in maximum use or where it is needed and desired? And what UAPA member should not be a good salesman in Recruiting?

Maybe we need a Confederation of ajay clubs to carry out our next idea to its maximum conclusion and efficiency. (However, until we get such a Confederation, why not start UAPA on the right road?) With four going associations plus the Fossils - why not divide our own country into five units (roughly as per the following map)?



WHEELING IN THE NEWS  
WHEELING, W. VA.THE NINETEENTH ISSUE  
JUNE - 1955Eva R. Hartley  
120 Washington Avenue  
Wheeling, West VirginiaMrs. Juanita H. Nolte  
2609 Hess Avenue  
Warwood, Wheeling, W. Va.

THE WHEELING NEWS-REGISTER informs us that the population of Wheeling has increased since 1950 about 4,109. This puts us in a bracket that indicates we are making a comeback to where we were two decades ago.

WHEELING was the largest city in the state in population in 1920. However, we could not make that boast for the next few years. This, of course, was due in part to war years. We have set up a Conference on Community Development which has been a boon to our city. Business centers are springing up in the outlying centers.

It would be very optimistic to say that Wheeling would register a cool 100,000 by 1956, if more of our roads can be improved as many have been lately.

My Guest Poet for the month is Miss Betty M. Tousch who has sent a lovely poem on California roses. She writes: "Wish you could see them - our California roses are heavenly - especially our FIRST LOVE which I have written for your column:

## FIRST LOVE

I have a "First Love" rose,  
That in my garden grows.  
Pink buds are candle flame  
And well it got its name!

Sun-warmed with loveliness,  
Unfolding tenderness,  
It is a counterpart  
Of all young love's full heart!  
-- Betty M. Tousch

It would very likely be fine if we would love our neighbors as ourselves, but do you think they could stand that much affection?

My neighbor crossed the street and complimented me on my lawn. It seemed strange and I found he was only looking for dandelion greens. "Take all you can find", I said, but he didn't!

To me "forgiveness" when we do wrong is the only way to clear the conscience.  
-- Eva R. Hartley

## THOUGHTS AT RANDOM

Looking out across the lake  
The waters still and clear,  
The sunset with its red cold-hue,  
A scene we should reverse.

\*\*\*

A flower pot can hold for some  
Who live in lonely rooms  
A tiny bit of hope and cheer  
Where desolation looms.

I tend my window box each and every day  
I watch the tender shoots grow into  
something gay,  
Baby marigolds, petunias, pink and white  
With geraniums, too, make such a pretty  
sight.

\*\*\*

Phone rings .... just can't go  
Rings and rings .... won't take no;  
In the tub .... soakin' wet.  
Gotta rub .... not dry yet.  
With a groan .... down the stairs  
Reach the phone .... temper flares.  
Pick up phone .... "yes, who's there?"  
Hang the phone .... no one there!!!

Breakfast time at our house,  
A quiet time of day,  
Never in a hurry  
And not too much to say.  
We enjoy our coffee,  
With bacon, eggs and toast,  
The radio reporting  
The news from coast to coast.  
One more cup of coffee,  
Then daily tasks hold sway.  
Our quiet breakfast time  
Insures a happy day.

\*\*\*

Knowing how to laugh is worth a hundred  
groans in any market. -- Lamb  
-- Juanita H. Nolte